

MARCH 6, 1880.

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 536.—Vol. XXI.

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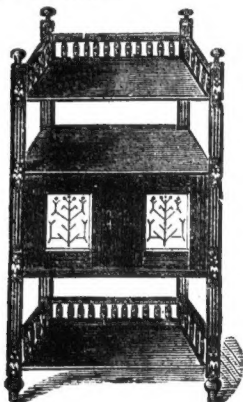
[PARIS, 1878

THE GRAPHIC

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Small Early English Cabinet, with decorated doors, £3 15s.

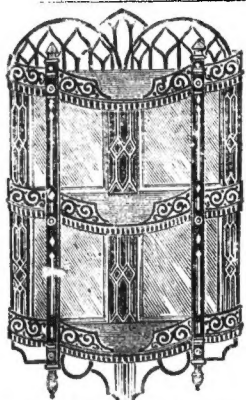
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WHATNOTS,
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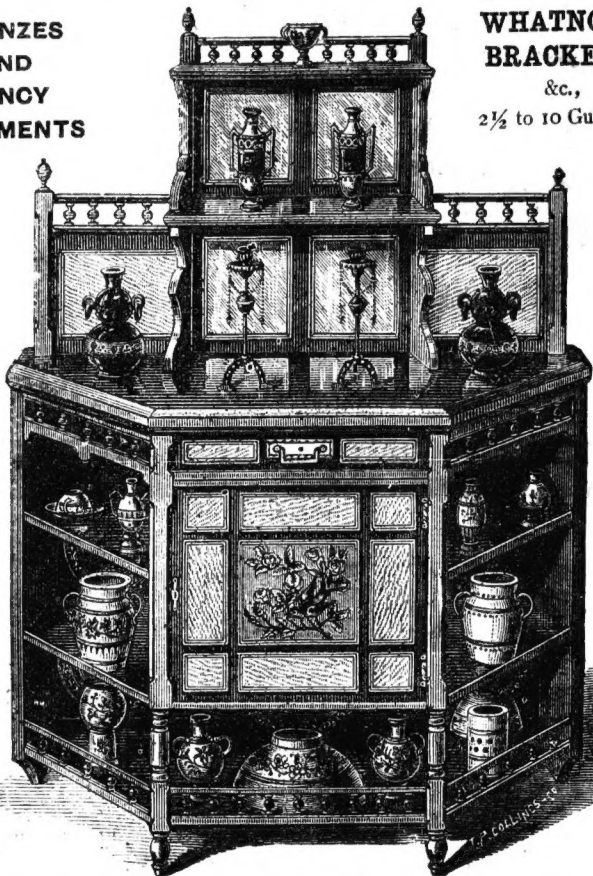
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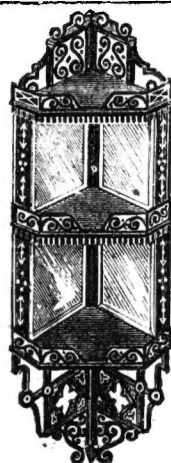
Handsome Early English Cabinet, in black and gold, with painted panel and bevelled glass—

4 ft.	£11 11 0
4 ft. 6 in.	12 12 0
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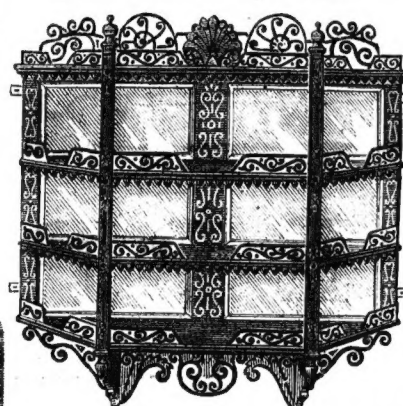
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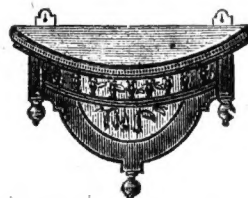
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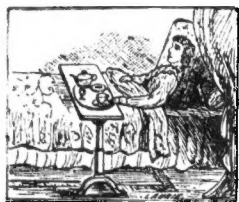
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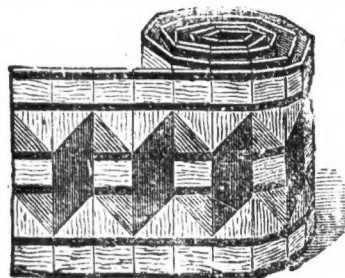
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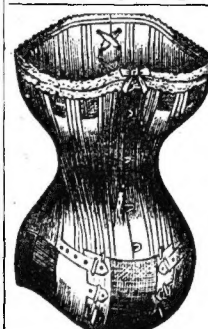
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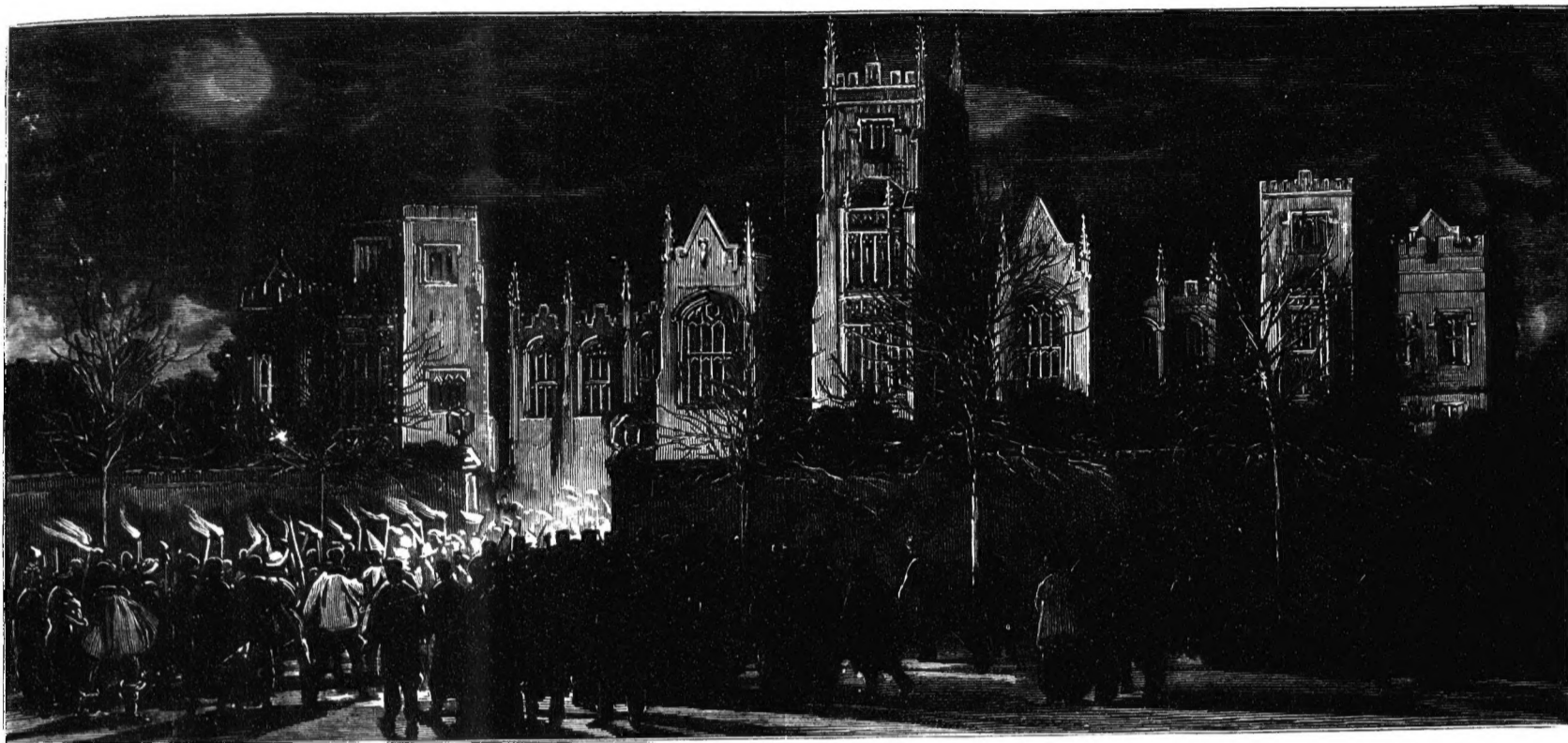
THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

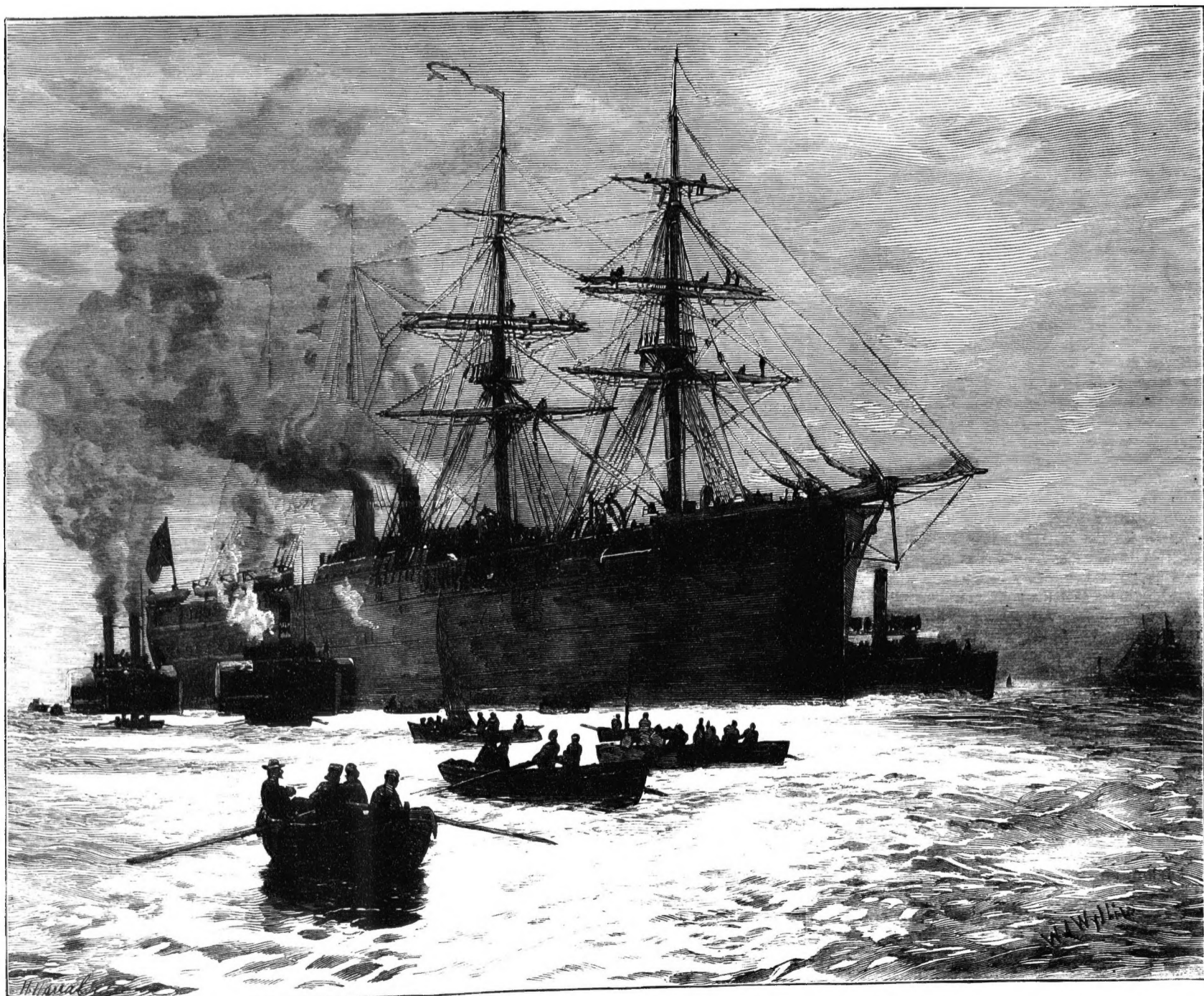
No. 536.—VOL. XXI.
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SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1880

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TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION OF UNIVERSITY STUDENTS AT BELFAST, IN HONOUR OF MR. LARMOR, THE CAMBRIDGE SENIOR WRANGLER



THE NEW AUSTRALIAN STEAMER "ORIENT" ENTERING HOBSON'S BAY, MELBOURNE

Topics of the Week

OUR ARMY.—The most interesting point about the Army Estimates this Session is that the votes were obtained so swiftly. Otherwise Colonel Stanley's statement is comfortably commonplace. No revolutionary changes are at present contemplated, and the reduction effected in cost is a mere trifle. It is to be hoped that we have outlived that perpetual cry for retrenchment (irrespective of efficiency) in the naval and military expenditure which was one of the "battle-horses" of Radical orators a generation ago. Although the "silver-streak" is a better safeguard than Count Moltke's "Alps and Pyrenees," there is no country in Europe which needs an army more imperatively than we do. If the States of the Continent could but forego their mutual fears and jealousies, they could almost do without soldiers, for, excepting the Spanish and Dutch colonies in the East and West Indies, and the French dominion in Algeria, they have few outlying possessions. But the people of these small islands, besides administering a region in Asia almost large enough and populous enough to be called a Continent, are liable to be drawn into quarrels with savage, or half-savage, races all over the world. Within a few years we have waged in Africa alone three wars, east, west, and south. And although Canada and Australasia are now supposed to be able to defend themselves, there is little doubt that they would need some help if we became involved in war with a great civilised Power. An army, therefore, we must have, and as we dislike conscription, our comparatively small force costs a good deal of money. The worst of a Volunteer army is that it is not so respectable as a conscripted army. It is a microcosm, not of the nation, but of the looser elements of the nation. The belief that they will have to mix with more black sheep than in a civilian calling doubtless deters many respectable young men from enlisting. The indifferent moral calibre of many of the recruits produces that nefarious system of desertion and re-enlistment which, now that branding is forbidden, it is so difficult to prevent. In proportion to its size, the Army is already very costly, nor do we feel sure that further improvement in pay would make the service more popular. But why should there not be a revival in a modified form of the old plan of a "condemned regiment?" Well-conducted men, we feel sure, would more readily enlist if they knew that all soldiers against whom a certain amount of bad marks had been recorded were draughted into special disciplinary corps. Ne'er-do-wells, in all other employments, are summarily got rid of. Why not in the Army?

RUSSIA AND THE CZAR.—There was a general feeling of relief throughout Europe after the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Czar's accession to the throne. The Nihilists had uttered so many vague threats, and they have given such terrible proofs of their audacity, that his life appeared to be in real danger. Nor, judging from the attempt on General Melikoff, does the revolutionary party seem to be discouraged by the horror which has been excited by their recent crimes. As a matter of course many compliments were addressed to the Czar on the occasion of the anniversary, and it must be admitted that some of them were well deserved. Although the emancipation of the serfs has not been followed by so many good results as were anticipated, it was in intention a measure of splendid beneficence; and it is only fair to remember that the early years of the Czar's reign were marked by sincere and vigorous attempts to reform the administration. Still, there is another side to the picture. We need not now raise the question whether the war with Turkey was just or unjust, but at any rate it revealed a state of things in Russia for which her most determined enemies were hardly prepared. Every branch of the public service was seen to be thoroughly corrupt. This is not an invention of foreign critics; it is a fact proved by evidence which has produced a deep and painful impression on the best sections of Russian society. It is possible that violent manifestations of discontent will be suppressed by the extraordinary dictatorship which the Czar has just created, but that the problem will be solved by such means is incredible. All history proves that an effective remedy can be found, not by removing the symptoms of the disease, but only by dealing with the disease itself. Whether the establishment of a Parliamentary system in a country like Russia would be safe or expedient is a point on which distant observers are hardly competent to give an opinion; but it is certain that the methods of government, whatever they may be, must be honest, and that the people must enjoy a reasonable amount of individual freedom. The only alternative is revolution.

THE GERMAN ARMY BILL.—Prince Bismarck has no reason to be dissatisfied with the manner in which his proposals for the increase of the army were treated by the Imperial Parliament. The debate, considering the importance of the subject, was short; and almost all the really influential party leaders were on his side. Every sensible man in Germany of course regrets the necessity of adding to her military burdens. The population is already too heavily taxed, and while the present system continues a genuine revival of industry will be impossible. The arguments

summed up by Count Moltke, however, are generally accepted as unanswerable. There seems to be no reason to dread an immediate outbreak of war, for Russia and France have both too much to think of at home to enter at once upon rash foreign enterprises. But Russia is in so confused a state that her course after a short time cannot be confidently predicted. There may be a revolution; or the present Czar may be succeeded by a sovereign of less pacific tendencies; or he himself may sooner or later be compelled to form resolutions of which he does not personally approve. These are the possibilities which introduce an element of uncertainty into the European situation, and which make Germany anxious and "nervous." If France could be trusted to hold aloof from dangerous complications, Russia would excite less alarm; but, whether rightly or wrongly, the Germans cannot persuade themselves that the French would miss a good opportunity of striking a blow for Alsace. The price which the new Empire has to pay for its security and greatness is overwhelming, and the danger is that it may become so intolerable as to render the maintenance of peace impossible. Germany is not a rich country, and the time may come when she will insist on a final settlement of the questions which prevent her from freely exercising her energies. Everybody in England will agree with the "peace party" that a general disarmament would be the best conceivable settlement, but the state of Europe does not encourage us to hope that this view will prevail on the Continent.

OBSTRUCTIONIST PROSPECTS.—The Resolutions for repressing Obstruction were debated with very little obstruction, and the money needed for military purposes was voted with a rapidity which contrasts favourably with the delays of last year. It would be a great blessing if the mere threat to put down Obstruction should serve for its repression without any resort to more stringent measures. But we must not be too sanguine. The men who practise these annoying manœuvres represent constituencies who are well pleased to see John Bull poked up and irritated, nor has their traditional hatred to England been lessened by the teachings of a scurrilous press such as would be tolerated by no Continental Government under similar circumstances. The chances are, therefore, that the Obstructionists will continue to obstruct, if they think it their interest to do so. But on the other hand it is possible that they may hold that the "dodge" has had its day, and is becoming stale, and that moreover it may be impolitic to provoke John Bull too far. At all events, if Messrs. Biggar, O'Donnell, and Finigan will adhere strictly to the definition of Obstruction put forth in their manifesto, there will be less cause for complaint. We spoke last week of the difference between intentional obstruction and mere waste of time. It is not easy to say whether the discussion on Lord Castlereagh's alleged Home Rule promises, which preceded the debate on the Army Estimates, belongs to the former or the latter category, but in any case the time of the House is too precious to be consumed in talking over these personal details. It is quite true that these are just the matters which the House enjoys. Anything which promises a "row" ensures a full audience, whereas poor Sir W. Barttelot could not get forty members to stay away from their dinners to listen to his speech on the Army Estimates. But the House should remember that, as it takes upon itself an immense mass of work, and insists on having a finger in every pie, it ought to be jealously economical of its time. When we think of the many precious hours which will infallibly be muddled away in that historical chamber between the present moment and August, we feel indignant to hear the Chancellor of the Exchequer stating that it will not be possible this Session to introduce a measure dealing with the question of intermediate and higher education in Wales. This useful piece of legislation would be quite possible, if, instead of making long, flabby, meandering speeches which few people read, honourable members would, like Count Moltke, study beforehand what they want to say, and then say it in the fewest possible words. As for the Welsh, they share the fate of most unassuming people. Because they are quiet and loyal, because they neither shoot their landlords nor refuse to pay their rents, they can be safely shunted into a siding.

DEMOCRACY IN VICTORIA.—The people of Victoria have given Mr. Graham Berry and his friends a severe lesson. He appealed to the country with perfect confidence that it would approve his policy, yet the majority against him was so considerable that he felt it to be his duty to lose no time in tendering his resignation. No one who has watched the struggle in the colony can be surprised at this result. Mr. Berry has made the same sort of mistake with regard to his opponents that Mr. Gladstone has recently made with regard to the Imperial Government. The instinct of fair play is deeply implanted in the English race, and the inhabitants of Victoria, like the inhabitants of Liverpool and Southwark, have given decisive proof that they will not submit to reckless dictation. Even if Mr. Berry's measures for the prevention of "deadlocks" had been carried, they would not have been followed by any very alarming results; but they were violent and unstatesmanlike, and it is a good sign that the electors have shown a strong preference for moderate remedies. The Liberal-Conservatives who have triumphed will be under some temptation to drop altogether the question which has agitated the colony. It is to be hoped, however, that they will not adopt this course. A real flaw in the constitution has been revealed by the struggle

between the Council and the Assembly, and the more prudent members of the party now in power have admitted that something should be done to enable the two bodies to work together harmoniously. As to the problem of Free Trade *versus* Protection, it would be a mistake to suppose that a complete change of Mr. Berry's policy would be popular. Democracies in general, and the Victorian Democracy in particular, show little inclination to accept Mr. Bright's views as to the virtues of open markets.

BANKERS AND CHEQUES.—When we wrote on the subject of the recent forgeries a few weeks ago, we were favoured with several more or less ingenious devices for preventing this species of crime. We refrained from publishing these suggestions because we felt that the matter was one in which bankers rather than their customers were interested, and that, such being the case, the public, which is lazy and apathetic where its own interests are not very clearly concerned, would refuse to adopt any plan which gave trouble. For example, it would be Utopian to expect people to write their cheques with a special kind of ink. Men and women want to draw cheques in all sorts of places, and they make use of the writing-fluid which comes most handy. This fact seems to militate somewhat against Sir Henry Bessemer's proposal. If the coloured ornamental groundwork of his cheques is so sensitive to acids, some exceptionally acid ink might produce the same effect as the chemical fluid of a forger, and so cause the payment of an honest cheque to be stopped. Customers will take a far more lively interest in this subject if, as has been contended, they can be held liable, under a somewhat ambiguous clause of the Crossed Cheques Act, to suffer the loss caused by forgery. We can scarcely believe that such was the intention of Parliament, for if the customer were held responsible instead of the banker, the latter would be tempted to pay without scrutiny, provided there was a sufficient balance in hand, any document purporting to bear a customer's signature. People would leave off having bankers, they would keep their money locked up in a safe, and would prefer the risk of burglary at home rather than of forgery abroad.

METROPOLITAN WATER SUPPLY.—The Bill introduced by Mr. Cross for the regulation of the water supply in London is another striking illustration of the tendency of our time to throw increased burdens on the State. Thirty years ago Englishmen were continually boasting of the achievements of private energy in this country, but now the prevalent tone is altogether different. In all matters relating to the community the enterprise of individuals is looked upon with distrust; we have confidence only in the operation of machinery which is set in motion by Parliament. Even the most ardent upholders of the old system must admit that there were in the present instance good grounds for the interference of the Government. The people of London pay dearly for their water supply, yet it is nowhere so good or so abundant as it ought to be, and in many districts it is wretched both in amount and in quality. It would be premature to pass judgment on the terms which the companies have submitted to, or forced on, Mr. Cross. According to Mr. Chamberlain, they are far too high; but this can be determined only after thorough investigation by experts. As to the proposed Water Trust, the first impression of most people is that it is unnecessarily elaborate; and we cannot help looking forward with a little dismay to the prospect of a new set of periodical popular elections. This evil might be somewhat mitigated by the elections for the Trust taking place, as *The Times* suggests, on the same date as those for the School Board. The best way of meeting this and many other difficulties, however, would be to establish the whole system of Municipal Government in London on a reasonable basis. Every new measure relating to the welfare of London makes it increasingly obvious that this, more than any other scheme, is the reform which the capital urgently needs. It must be admitted that the difficulties in the way are very great; but, as the inconvenience caused by the existing anarchy is still greater, they ought not to be insurmountable.

HEALTH AND DRESS.—Dr. Benjamin Richardson is always worth hearing, and although his admonitions often fall on heedless ears, we hope the ladies will lay to heart his observations on the above subject. Why is it that women, who in many matters (in the management of money, for example), are far more sensible than men, are in the matter of dress comparatively irrational? Well, we take the reason to be that women are very anxious to please—it is an important part of their mission to be becoming in outward aspect—and in their anxiety to accomplish this end, they are very apt to fall under the tyranny of the so-called "leaders of fashion." No one knows precisely who these mysterious personages are, but we may take it that, though endowed with personal beauty, and also with a good deal of taste, they are not in all respects the wisest of womankind, and are moreover under the thralldom of their dressmakers, whose interest it is to promote perpetual changes, and to prevent (by means of trimmings and other adjuncts) any article of wearing apparel from becoming too inexpensive. Taken altogether, however, ladies' dress has become much more sensible of late years, and it will be observed that all the changes in the direction of good sense have been imitated from masculine attire. Ladies wear our hats, our ulsters,

MARCH 6, 1880

our morning coats, our waistcoats, and our stout boots. They go to men's tailors to be fitted. Dr. Richardson advises further reforms. He recommends nothing startling. He does not go in for Bloomerism. A woman's outward aspect would be just what it now is, because she would retain the flowing gown. But he recommends that underneath the gown she should dress much as women do. The weight of the clothing should be borne by the shoulders; and stays, waistbands, and garters should be discarded. Such an unobtrusive reform ought to commend itself to sensible people. If women were dressed so that they could go out in all weathers with as little discomfort as men (and fashion happily is already travelling in this direction), there would be far fewer women who without being ill are always more or less out of health.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT on Plate Paper, size 31 in. by 23 in., containing PORTRAITS of T.R.H. THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.—The Half-Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding between pages 252 and 261.



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THE BACH CHOIR.—Patron, Her Majesty THE QUEEN.—FIRST CONCERT, TUESDAY, March 16, ST. JAMES'S HALL, 8 o'clock. Brahms's Celebrated "Requiem," Bach's "Magnificat Anthem," Sir John Goss and Palestrina's "Gloria." Mrs. Osgood, Miss Hope Glen, Mr. Shakespeare, Mr. Henschel, Full Orchestra. Conductor, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt. Subscription for Two Concerts, one Guinea. Single tickets, 12s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s., and 2s.—Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co., 84, New Bond Street, usual Agents, and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

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THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES

WHEN it was an almost universally accepted doctrine that kings ruled by divine right, the good or bad conduct of any particular sovereign might affect himself, or even his dynasty, but did not affect the principle of monarchy; but as democratic principles have more and more gained ground among the civilised nations of the world, the personal popularity of the Royal Family in any monarchical country becomes an increasingly important element in attempting to forecast the probable future institutions of that country.

If we examine the roll of our sovereigns from the days of the Tudors to the present moment we shall find that their personal popularity has been a very variable quality, and has not always been accorded upon moral grounds. In spite of their severities, Henry VIII. and his daughter Elizabeth were personally popular, while Mary, though no more cruel than her father, and quite free from his peculiar vices, was detested. The Stuarts, albeit one of them died on the scaffold, were not personally disliked, and it is doubtful whether even James the Second was not individually more popular with the masses than Dutch William the Deliverer. It speaks well for the stability of the English monarchy that it stood so firmly during the long period which elapsed between the death of Anne and the accession of George III. The two first Georges cared little for England, and England cared little for them. The Third George held a firm place in the affections of his people for sixty long years, from the time when he was a mere youth under the tutelage of Lord Bute down to the days of his old age, and blindness, and dotage. Personal regard for the sovereign was shaken during the days of his successor, reviving under the reign of the Sailor King, who perhaps owed a good deal of his popularity to the fact of his having been a member of a profession which is always popular in this country, and to a certain bluff simplicity of manner.

But personal loyalty to the Crown received a still greater stimulus when the sceptre of these widely-scattered realms passed into the hands of a young girl, and it is needless to observe here how through early and late womanhood, during a period of upwards of forty years, our Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria, has striven to fulfil the duties of that responsible position. During part of that time she was aided by the counsels and example of a most conscientious husband, who, during his lifetime, was far less esteemed than he deserved to be by the mass of the people, who only discovered his sterling merits after he was taken from them.

The virtues, however, and the engaging personal qualities of this model pair, have descended to their children, and of the eldest son it may be especially said that he is the very model of what a wise statesman would wish a Constitutional Heir to the Throne to be. And then he has the good fortune to be wedded to a Princess who—even if we go back to mediæval days for a parallel—is perhaps the most popular Princess who ever landed on these shores to marry an English Prince. Being both very amiable, the Prince and Princess are pretty hard-worked by their loyal and devoted fellow-citizens, and it is very doubtful whether any of the Tudor or Plantagenet Princes would have been so complaisant about laying foundation stones or opening public buildings. The same good nature which dictates these frequent public appearances on the part of the Prince also produces, on his part, many unobtrusive acts of kindness which tend still more to endear him to those by whom he is known.

We have often engraved the portraits of the Prince and Princess of Wales before, but never on so large a scale as this. We can only say that this Royal couple deserve to be taken large, for (as Sir Robert Peel said of Lord Palmerston), "we are all proud of them," and long may they live to show the world how in a country where such a Prince and Princess are to be found, liberty and loyalty may go hand in hand together.

Our engraving is executed from a large photograph taken by Messrs. Turner and Drinkwater, of Anlaby Road, Hull, and 10, Barnsbury Park, London, N. The original is printed in carbon, and is remarkable for its size, beauty, and permanency. It was taken by Messrs. Turner and Drinkwater at Brocklesby, when the Prince and Princess were staying there. It was during this visit that the statue of the late Prince Consort was unveiled at Grimsby.

TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION AT BELFAST

THIS demonstration, which took place on the 12th ult., was organised by the students of Queen's College, Belfast, in honour of the success attained at Cambridge by their former fellow student, Mr. Joseph Larmor, the Senior Wrangler of the year, whose portrait we published in our issue of Feb. 14, 1880. The students, arrayed in fantastic costumes, and each bearing a torch, left the College in procession, and after passing through the principal streets of the city, marched to the residence of Mrs. Larmor, where hearty cheers were given for her talented son. On the way back to the College a number of rockets were discharged, and in front of the building a bonfire constructed of tar-barrels was burnt. The whole proceedings went off with great *clat*, and attracted large crowds of delighted spectators.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. S. Gaffikin, Queen's Elm, Belfast.

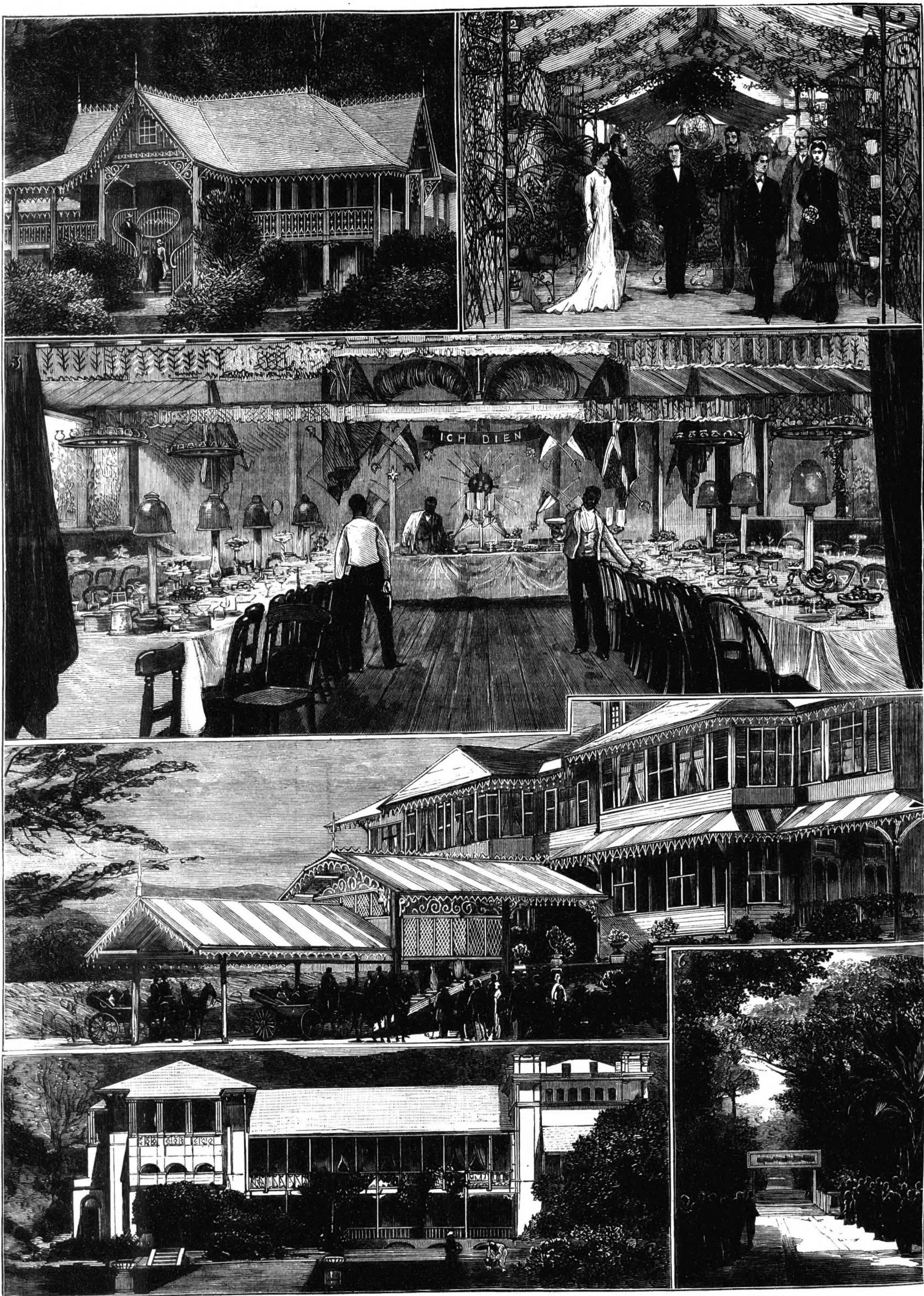
THE NEW AUSTRALIAN STEAMER "ORIENT"

THIS fine vessel which, except the *Great Eastern*, is the largest steamship in the world, is the first of the Orient Steam Navigation Company's fleet, the remainder of their traffic between this country and Australia being at present carried on by steamers chartered from the Pacific Steam Navigation Company; the *Lusitania*, the *Chimborazo*, the *Garonne*, and the *Cusco*. The new vessel, *Orient*, which has cost about 150,000*l.*, was built by Messrs. J. Elder and Co., of Glasgow. She is 460 feet long, 46 feet 4 inches beam, and 35 feet 2 inches deep. She is built in thirteen watertight and fireproof compartments, and the safety of those on board is further ensured by the provision of eight boats and four life-rafts; and a life-belt for each passenger. Her tonnage is registered at 5,385-8, her engines, 5,500 indicated and 1,000 nominal horsepower, are amongst the finest in the world, and she has four huge boilers, heated by 24 furnaces, which consume 70 tons of coal per day. This enormous motive power makes her one of the fastest vessels afloat, her first voyage of 11,548 miles having been performed in 38 days 14½ hours, inclusive of detentions, the actual steaming time being only 35 days 20 hours, or an average of 320 miles per day. The *Orient*, besides carrying 3,000 tons of cargo, can accommodate 120 first-class, 130 second-class, and 300, or if need be, 600 steerage passengers, whilst, if required, she could be refitted as a troopship to carry 3,000 men and 400 horses. Her first-class accommodation is all forward of the engines, so that the noise and smell of the machinery is got rid of, and the fitting up of the saloons and state rooms is everything which could be wished, whilst efficient ventilation is kept up by an apparatus worked by the motion of the ship, and communication is carried on all over the vessel by means of electric bells, telegraphs, and speaking tubes. The crew of the *Orient* numbers about 150, and she is commanded by Captain Robert Studdert, who on the arrival of the vessel at Melbourne received a most complimentary address from the saloon passengers, accompanied by a substantial *souvenir*. The *Orient* is now on her way back to England, the return voyage being through the Suez Canal, the vessel calling at Naples to enable voyagers if they choose to linger in the South of Europe before coming into colder climes. The Orient Line is managed by Messrs. F. Green and Co., and Messrs. Anderson, Anderson, and Co., of Fenchurch Avenue.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. G. R. Ashton, Melbourne.

THE ROYAL CADETS AT TRINIDAD

TRINIDAD, the most southerly of the Windward Islands, is, next to Jamaica, the most valuable of the British possessions in the West Indies. It was discovered by Columbus in 1498; and was colonised by the Spaniards, who exterminated the aboriginal races. It has remained in our possession since it was seized by Abercrombie in 1797. It contains an area of 1,300,000 acres, but a large proportion of this is still uncultivated forest. There are upwards of 30,000 acres under the sugar-cane, and the cacao-bean is more extensively grown than in any other of the British Antilles. A large number of labourers have been imported from India and China. Port of Spain, the capital, is one of the handsomest towns in the West Indies, with wide and well-kept streets, some of which are shaded with fine trees. The total population of the island is under 100,000.

On the 7th January last H.M.S. *Bacchante* touched at this beautiful island, and her captain, Lord Charles Scott, went ashore with the young Princes, who were accompanied by their governor, the Rev. J. Dalton. During their stay, which lasted about a fortnight, they appear to have had a most enjoyable time, in spite of the weather, which was rather rainy. The whole island was *en fête*, there was any amount of bunting and illuminations, and triumphal arches, and coloured lights and transparencies; there were banquets and balls, at one of the former of which a dusky servitor created some merriment by naively saying to Prince Edward that he "hoped his mamma and the rest of the family were well when he left;" and at the latter of which the once-despised polka was the favourite dance. The young Princes went to see sugar made, visited the far-famed pitch-lakes, shot alligators and iguanas, and assisted at cricket matches. The utmost hospitality was shown by Sir Henry Irving, the Governor of the island; nor were the planters behind in their loyalty, especially Mr. Léon Agostini, who entertained the Bacchantes in princely fashion at his seat, "Coblentz," the tropical beauties of which are depicted in several of our engravings. At the lodge-gate there was a handsome transparency, with the words, "Welcome to Coblentz;" while the



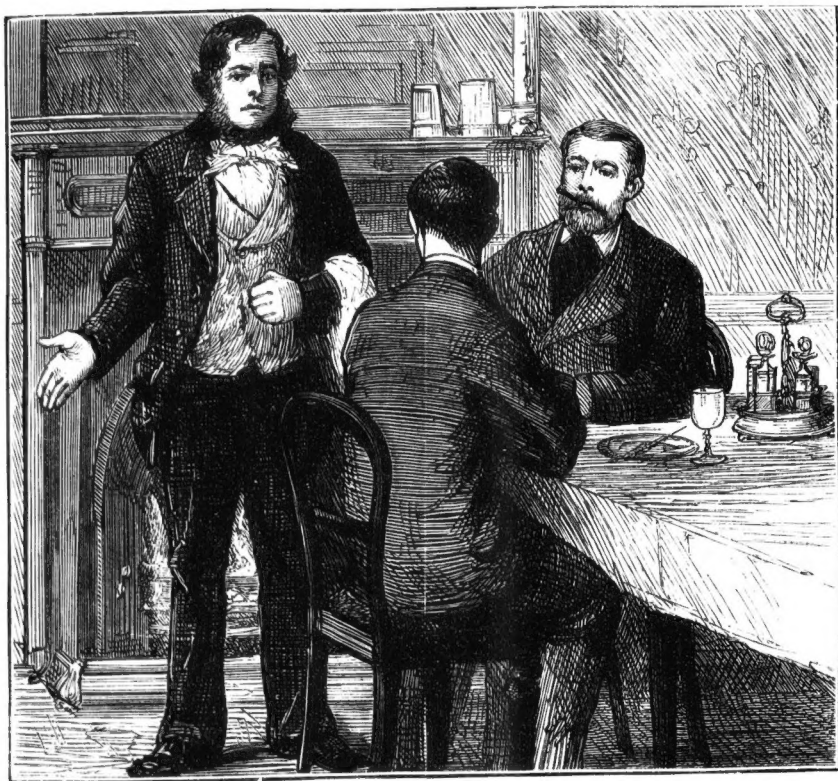
1. "La Pastora," the Residence of Mr. Hyppolite Borde, Visited by the Young Princes.—2. Exterior of Kiosque at Coblenz, the Seat of the Hon. Léon Agostini, Visited by the Young Princes.—3. Coblenz: The Supper Room.—4. Coblenz, the Seat of the Hon. Léon Agostini.—5. Government House, and Part of the Botanical Gardens.—6. Entrance to Coblenz.



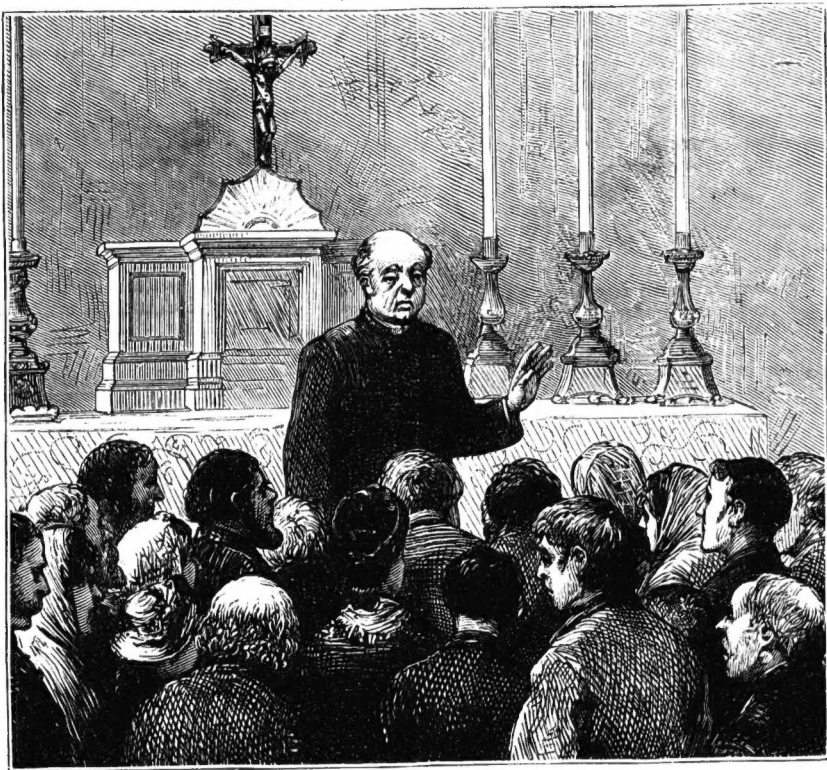
WORKING OUT THE RENT



SEARCHING FOR A BREAKFAST



AN ADVOCATE



A FEW WORDS FROM THE ALTAR



"I CAN'T KAPE THEM DOWN, SORR"



BREAKFAST TIME

THE DISTRESS IN IRELAND — SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST

profusion of palms, ferns, and flowers, which lined the avenues and adorned the terraces, were shown to the greatest advantage by hundreds of parti-coloured lamps. The supper-room was a large temporary building, in which 300 persons could be seated at once. Then as, according to the tropical fashion, the house is surrounded by a large gallery into which every room opens, this and the kiosque, being bountifully furnished with chairs and lounges, formed a cool and pleasant retreat after dancing. The young Princes were also handsomely entertained at luncheon by M. Hippolyte Borde, at his beautiful country seat, "La Pastora." M. Borde is the largest proprietor of cacao estates in the island, and his domain occupies the whole of the La Pastora Valley. Government House, represented in another of our engravings, is situated at St. Ann's, in the middle of the Botanical Gardens, which are exceedingly beautiful, and there are few European towns which can boast of a finer hall-room. Altogether, Trinidad may feel proud of the hearty welcome which she extended to these youthful scions of Royalty, and we wish her all prosperity.

"LORD BRACKENBURY"

A NEW NOVEL by Miss Amelia B. Edwards is continued on page 253.

A SAVAGE CLUB DINNER

See page 255.

THE AFGHAN WAR

GARRISON SPORTS AT CANDAHAR

OUR illustration is from a sketch by Lieutenant Charles Pulley, of the 3rd Goorkhas, and represents the sports of our garrison at Candahar. It is taken at the winning-post, where Shere Ali, the Governor of Candahar, and his suite are listening in much amazement to the regimental Moore and Burgess troupe. "It was rather amusing," writes Lieutenant Pulley, "to watch the expression of his face during the performance—and I am not sure that he appreciated the 'burnt cork.' Whether or no he thought it intended for a joke only or not is doubtful; however, after a grave consultation with his Wuzer as to what it might mean, his somewhat imbecile countenance relaxed, and seeing those about him listening, he graciously condescended to smile. Some of his attendants may have thought we were impersonating the Arch-fiend and all his angels, for certainly his boys appeared much impressed by the black faces. The sports were a great success, and all the events were closely contested. The mile race for natives afforded much amusement owing to a diminutive Goorkha, who evidently thought great things of himself, starting, to finish some 200 yards behind the long-legged Sikhs. For self-conceit commend me to the Goorkha; he is a very little bantam, is as proud as Lucifer, and possesses a profound regard for Tommy Atkins and a poor opinion of the 'plainsman.' A steeplechase was another feature of the sports, the water-jump creating much laughter. The quoit throwing of the 15th Sikhs excited great admiration. "The Sikh quoit differs from the ordinary quoit, being much narrower and thinner, and very light, with a sharp edge to it. It is made to skim through the air, and sticks or reeds being placed in the ground at a distance of some fifty or sixty yards, the competitors endeavour, not to ring the stick, but to cut it in two. If skillfully thrown, the quoit goes a great distance, and bounds off the ground like an Australian boomerang. Of course there was a tug of war, in which the 57th Regiment had to succumb to the Rifles, and the usual Doolie, Chattie, and Bheestie races."

THE DISTRESS IN IRELAND

See page 258.

"STRAYS"

THE juvenile porker and his biped comrade have both apparently strayed away from home; and the former is, it would seem, about to address the young lady, in his innocent piggyish tongue, with the view of ascertaining the whereabouts of his corpulent mamma, whom, as well as some dozen little brothers and sisters, he would like to see again. The quadruped mamma is probably not much agitated at the disappearance of the truant one, for her offspring is numerous, and the contents of the trough probably occupy the first place in her thoughts; but the biped mamma is, most likely, really uneasy, and, when she recovers her darling, will kiss and scold by turns, as is the way with fond mothers.

THE CAVE HILL, BELFAST

APPROPOS of our sketch of Washington Rock, St. Vincent, Mr. Richard Q. Lane, of Belfast, sends us a picture of the Cave Hill, an eminence several hundred feet high, about two miles north of the city, which bears an equally striking resemblance to the features of the First Napoleon. The hill takes its name from several caves in its face, which are partly natural and partly artificial. Underneath the highest point of the hill—known as Macart's Fort—appears a fine mansion, erected a few years ago by the Marquis of Donegal; below is the Memorial Chapel, underneath which deceased members of the family are buried. To the right appears H.M.S. *Gibraltar*, used as a training ship for boys; while to the left two dilapidated hulks are visible. South "Twin Island" appears beyond—between which and the North "Twin" runs the new navigable channel to the port of Belfast, studded with trees. The house at the end is the pilot station.

DON PIEROLA, DICTATOR OF PERU

SEÑOR DON NICOLAS DE PIEROLA, who was hailed Dictator of Peru on the 23rd of December last, immediately after the flight of the late President Prado from Lima, was born at Arequipa in 1839, his father being one of those patriotic Peruvians who suffered persecution on account of their efforts to free their country from its bondage to Spain. The future Dictator's political efforts began in 1864, when he started an independent newspaper, *El Tiempo*, to oppose the weak policy of Riveyro's Cabinet. He afterwards gave his support to the new Allende-Calderon Cabinet, as the representative of the principle of authority; and in 1869, Don Nicolas de Pierola was appointed Minister of Finance and Commerce—a post of extreme difficulty, as Peru was then considered to be on the verge of bankruptcy. He, however, succeeded in increasing the revenue and in some degree re-establishing the credit of the country, but in consequence of the reckless expenditure of the Government on railways and other public works he at last resigned, and having excited the enmity of Señor Prado, he was compelled to leave the country to which he has now returned in triumph.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Garraud and Leblanc, Valparaiso.

THE LATE MR. E. W. COOKE, R.A.

MR. EDWARD WILLIAM COOKE, R.A., who died on January 4th after a brief illness, was the son of the eminent line engraver, Mr. George Cooke. He was born in London in 1817, and at a very early age exhibited a talent for drawing, which his father sedulously cultivated and encouraged. After studying perspective and architecture under the elder Pugin, he devoted himself to book illustrations: "Loudon's Encyclopædia" and "Lodidge's Botanical Cabinet" being among his principal efforts. Before he was out of his "teens" he published "Shipping and Craft," a series of fifty plates drawn and engraved by himself, illustrative of every class of vessel afloat. Four years later appeared his "Old and New London Bridges," a work containing twelve large and finely-executed engravings. After this he turned his attention to painting, both in oil and water-colours, and his pictures of Dutch subjects and coast

scenery soon made his name famous. He travelled much, as some of his later work bears evidence, representing, as they do, scenes in Italy, Spain, Morocco, Venice, Holland, and many other places. Mr. Cooke became an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1851, and was admitted to the full honour in 1853, when he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. He was also a Fellow of the Linnean, the Zoological, the Microscopical, the Geographical, and the Geological Societies, and of the Society of Antiquaries, and belonged likewise to the Alpine Club, the Royal Society Club, the Architectural Museum, and the General Committee of the British Association. Although in his sixty-ninth year, he retained his mental energies to the last. Within an hour of his death he dictated letters of farewell to old friends, touched up and signed some drawings which he intended to be given to them as remembrances, and instructed his son to present certain sets of his sketches to the Royal Academy, the University of Oxford, the South Kensington Museum, and several of the learned Societies of which he was a member.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Lock and Whitfield, 178, Regent Street, W.

THE NEW M.P. FOR BARNSTAPLE

NEWTON WALLOR, VISCOUNT LYMINGTON, the new M.P. for Barnstaple, is the eldest son of the Earl of Portsmouth. He was born on January 19, 1856, at Hurstbourne Park, Hampshire; and educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford. During his University career he took honours in Classics and History; was President of the Oxford University Debating Society, and the first President of the Palmerston Club. He presided at a dinner to inaugurate that club on January 30, 1878, at which Lord Granville, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Cardwell, Lord Selborne, Mr. Goschen, Sir W. Harcourt, and other persons distinguished in politics and literature were present. Lord Lynton is a magistrate for Devon and Hampshire, and High Sheriff for the County Wexford, Ireland. He is the youngest member of the House of Commons, having been returned for Barnstaple in the room of Mr. Waddy, polling 817 votes; whilst his Conservative opponent, Sir R. Carden, only managed to secure 721. The contest was a severe one, and Lord Lynton was materially assisted in his candidature by his mother and sister, Lady Portsmouth and Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell, who both addressed the electors after the result of the poll had been declared, adding their thanks to those of his lordship for the support which had been given to him.

Our portrait is from a photograph by H. L. Mendelssohn, Oxford Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST FIRE ENGINE AT THE WINTER PALACE

OUR illustration represents the arrival of the first fire engine at the Palace after the explosion of the 17th inst. It is driving up through the main entrance, and in the background may be seen the exterior of the hall where the explosion took place. The courtyard was full of smoke at the time, and hundreds of pigeons were flying wildly about, scared by the unusual noise and commotion. A strong body of police were keeping guard at the entrance, aided by Cossacks of the Guard, while before the first engine thundered a body of Gendarmes to clear the way.

SKETCHES IN CYPRUS

WE have already illustrated and described (No. 529, January 17) a portion of the excavations at the Bambula (*anglicised* mound) at Larnaca, which is supposed to cover the ruins of a citadel which, in ancient times, overlooked the closed harbour of Kition or Citium, mentioned by Strabo, and on the ruins of which town Larnaca now stands. We now give several further illustrations of the excavations, which are being carried on under the superintendence of Lieutenant Sinclair, R.E. There is nothing to add to our previous notes on the subject; while, as to our other illustrations, the operation of laying the telegraph line calls for no explanation. Umber is one of the staple articles of exportation from Cyprus. Our readers doubtless know the pigment commonly called "burnt umber," and this is formed of the roasted mineral of that name, which, geologically speaking, is a variety of iron ore. It is found in beds in Cyprus, where our illustration represents Mr. J. F. Janssen's depot at Larnaca.—Our engravings are from photographs by Mr. Max Ohnefalsch Richter, of Larnaca.



POLITICAL AFFAIRS.—The Bill for the allocation of the six vacant seats in Parliament was to be discussed in the House on Thursday. It is said that they will be distributed as follows:—one to Dublin or Kingstown, one to Cork County (thus placing the Irish representation on the same footing that it occupied before the Disfranchisement Acts), one each to Sheffield, Bristol, and Accrington, and one probably to the County of Middlesex.—The National Liberal League have adopted a resolution declaring that the time has arrived when the Liberal party should unite in a demand for further extension of electoral reform, embracing the equalisation of borough and county franchise and an equitable redistribution of seats.—Mr. Plimsoll, addressing his constituents at Derby on Tuesday, said that he had excupated Sir C. Russell and Mr. Onslow in handsomer terms than the occasion called for; and the reason he did not discuss their conduct in the House of Commons was that by doing so he might have lost a whole Session. His Bill would have been killed and the murderers not known.—Two Irish elections have taken place since our last issue; Mr. J. F. Smithwick (Home Ruler) having been returned without opposition for Kilkenny, the seat vacated by Mr. B. Whitworth in order to contest the late Dr. O'Leary's seat at Drogheda, where he has beaten the Home Rule opponent, Mr. J. M'Coan, by 382 votes to 181. Mr. Whitworth, who has hitherto been known as a Liberal, is said to be in favour of Home Rule, "so far as it is consistent with the integrity of the Empire."—Dr. Parker, of the City Temple, has issued an address to the electors and non-electors of the City of London, offering himself as a Parliamentary candidate at the next general election. It has long appeared to him desirable that there should be a number of men in Parliament whose training and occupation especially qualify them to deal practically with the religious progress and necessities of the country. His political programme he summarises thus: Parliamentary government, more constitutional than Irresponsible Cabinetism; Disestablishment by development, the best guarantee against Priestism and injustice; a peasant proprietary, one of the strongest securities against discontent and anarchy; Impartial Arbitration, the most rational substitute for strikes at home and wars abroad; Civil and Religious Liberty all over the world, the highest end of magnanimous and honest politics.—A subscription has been opened among the members of the House of Commons in aid of the testimonial to the family of the late Dr. O'Leary, M.P. The First Lord of the Admiralty, the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, Mr. Winn, M.P., the Lord Advocate of Scotland, and the Attorney-General for Ireland are among the promoters of the movement.

THE OBSTRUCTION RESOLUTION.—Mr. F. H. O'Donnell, in a long letter to *The Times* against the "Standing Order" on Obstruction, says, "The hour for testing a monstrous and illegal

innovation will be the hour when it is attempted to be enforced." Messrs. Biggar, Finigan, and O'Donnell, in a joint letter to the *Freeman*, declare that "the Government have violated the ancient law of Parliament for a purely electioneering purpose. The active section of the Irish party have always expected that this would be the case. The manoeuvre is as ludicrous as it is base. It never can touch the resolute action of the Irish representatives, unless they are unnerved by cowardice or betrayed by traitors. Mere obstruction is, indeed, a contemptible absurdity; but active hostility to bad government, intelligent criticism of public business, and constant presence on the scene of Parliamentary duty can only be described as obstruction by rascals or by fools."

LOCAL OPTION.—At an Electoral Conference of the London Auxiliary to the United Kingdom Alliance, recently held at the Holborn Town Hall, a resolution was passed urging all patriotic citizens to support by their votes and active efforts the return of Parliamentary candidates, irrespective of party, who will vote for Sir Wilfrid Lawson's Local Option Resolution.—On Tuesday, a meeting of the supporters of Local Option was to have been held in the Guildhall, Cambridge, Sir W. Lawson, Cardinal Manning, Canon Wilberforce, and Mr. Hunter Rodwell, M.P., being announced as the chief speakers. As soon, however, as the doors were opened a crowd of noisy undergraduates and townsmen rushed in, and so continuous was the hooting and howling that the chairman and orators at length retired; and in order to prevent the holding of a counter meeting, the platform had to be garrisoned, as it were, until the hall was cleared, which was not done for nearly an hour, during which time the furniture of the Hall was greatly damaged.

THE VOLUNTEERS.—On Tuesday General Sir E. Wood distributed the prizes won last year by the Inns of Court Volunteers. The ceremony took place in Lincoln's Inn Hall, and Sir Evelyn, in addressing the Volunteers, recommended them to improve their shooting at moving objects. At Kambula, where 2,000 Zulus were running towards the English entrenchments, he was very much struck with the inability of the troops to hit the rapidly advancing foe, for the Zulus were only killed when they halted a second or two for want of breath. Speaking of the Volunteer movement as a whole, he said that it was impossible to over-estimate its value. It was a living contradiction of the eloquent calumny of Burke that "the age of chivalry was dead."—On the same day the London Scottish Volunteers held a regimental dinner at the Freemasons' Tavern in honour of Lord Elcho, who has retired from active connection with the corps, though he is still its honorary colonel. His lordship was presented with a *fac simile* of the Elcho Shield in oxydised silver, picked out with gold, and an address recognising the value of his services; and, in returning thanks, said that the formation of the Volunteer force had not only made this country strong at home, but had secured the integrity of our Empire and our colonies abroad.—It is expected that more than 25,000 men will take part in the Easter Monday Volunteer Review at Brighton.

A TEMPERANCE SALOON STEAMER has just been launched on the Clyde.

THE MEMORIAL TO PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON.—The protests against the determination of the Dean of Westminster to admit this monument to the Abbey have been general and unmistakable. The Dean has already had to apologise for his hasty conclusions concerning the signature of Thomas Carlyle, he being now completely satisfied of its genuineness, and we should not be surprised to hear that the permission to erect the memorial is after all withdrawn.

ROUGH WEATHER has prevailed during the last few days, and damage has been done both on the coast and inland. On Sunday the barque *Matilda Hilyards* was driven ashore on Horse Island, off Ardrossan. The lifeboat was taken out by a tug to assist the crew, but on returning to the harbour was upset, and of its twenty-five occupants three of the barque's crew and two of the lifeboat men were drowned.

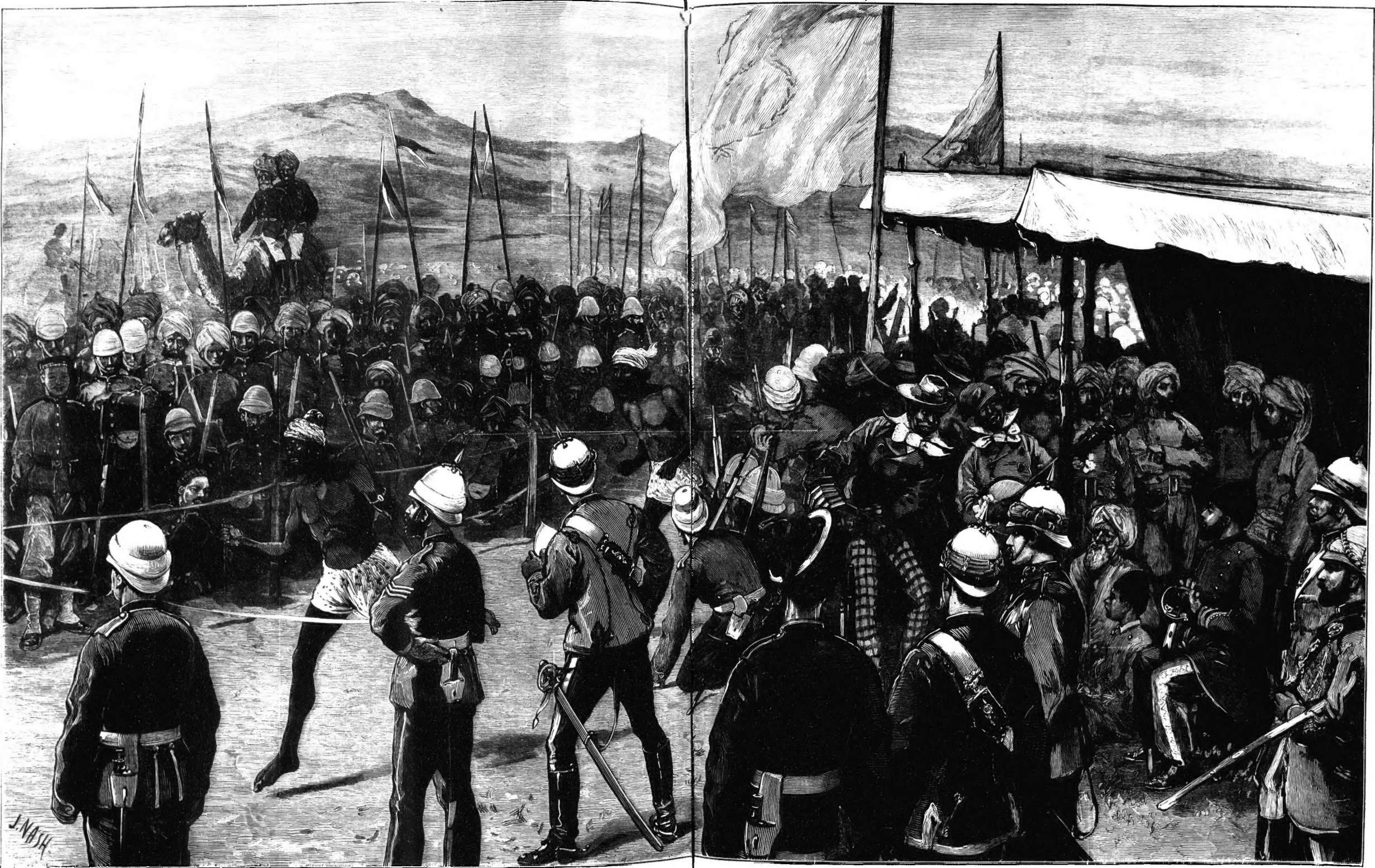
THE TAY BRIDGE INQUIRY is not yet concluded, but the evidence already given is of a sufficiently alarming character. Men employed in the construction of the bridge speak of the iron as the worst they ever saw used, of dangerous inequalities in the castings, of holes and cracks in the pillars filled up with putty and cement, and of "lugs" being burned on instead of cast with the columns in one solid piece; while others, who painted the bridge last summer, tell of "bounding vibrations" when the trains passed, diagonal bars hanging loose, holes without bolts, and rivets without heads. On the other hand, it is declared by those who superintended and inspected the work that it was conducted with special care; that all defective castings were rejected and broken up; that the vibration of the structure was slight, and that the metal, though "not good," was such as is used for similar work all over the world. On Wednesday the Court adjourned, to meet again whenever it shall be decided to renew the inquiry. On Tuesday another body, the thirty-ninth found, was picked up near Tayport, six miles from Dundee. Though so long in the water, it was in good preservation, and proved to be that of the driver of the train, David Mitchell, who has left a widow and six children.



If it were possible to trace any connection between the two facts, Ministers would find in the progress of business during the present week much reason for congratulation in possession of the Obstruction Orders. It would be necessary to go back to the first Session of the present Parliament to find a parallel to the progress made on Monday with the Army Estimates. In the first Session of 1874, when a great peace seemed to have fallen upon the House, party struggle having been stilled at the polling booth, there was a cheerful habit of getting through business and going home. No one wished to quarrel with any one else. Mr. Gladstone was absent. The Opposition were subdued, and Mr. Disraeli's habit of suavity was imitated by all his lieutenants. In those far-off days Mr. Parnell was unknown outside his country. Mr. Biggar as yet was studying the rules of the House of Commons, and the peculiar modes of pronunciation affected by its members. Mr. O'Donnell had not found a seat. Business was simply got through, and in the early part of the Session the House frequently rose at eight or nine o'clock—not by the operation of a count out, but by the simple process of the exhaustion of business.

Even then, however, no example is to be found of the estimates of the whole service being passed before midnight at a single sitting. Yet this happened on Monday with the Army Estimates. At the outset there was some doubt as to whether Colonel Stanley would find an opening for his statement before ten or eleven at night. There was a long list of notices of miscellaneous motions on going into Committee, and the Sessional order by which Ministers gain precedence on Monday nights had, through some inadvertence, not yet been renewed. The private members who thus had the whip hand of the Government were not inclined to insist on their privilege, and all gave way down to Mr. Biggar, who stood nearly last on the list with a notice to call attention to Lord Castlereagh's relations with the Home Rulers of the County Down. Mr. Biggar was not expected to facilitate the business of the House, and it must be admitted that he had something like a case. The charge against Lord Castlereagh, at first made by the Marquis of Hartington, was

THE NEW CANADIAN ACADEMY OF ARTS will open its first Annual Exhibition at Ottawa this month, it having been decided to hold the exhibitions by rotation in the chief cities of the Dominion. Modelled chiefly on the British Royal Academy, the new institution differs from the old in the admission of decorative designs, and in the greater encouragement of architectural studies. Thus amongst the forty Academicians there are to be ten architects, three engravers, and six designers, while special prizes are offered for the best decorative designs. There are twenty Associates and a number of honorary members, as well as an order of foreign Academicians. All ordinary Academicians and Associates being British subjects or foreigners permanently resident in the Dominion. Each Academician on receiving his diploma must present a work to the National Gallery which is also to be established, while pensions will be paid to those retiring. A Council of twelve will be the governing body, the President and Vice-president being chosen for five years, and the Secretary and Treasurer annually. The Schools of Art are as yet not fully organised, but Professors of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Anatomy, and Chemistry will be appointed for five years, while there will be permanent Professors of Ancient History and Literature and an Antiquary.



THE AFGHAN CAMPAIGN—GARRISON SPORTS AT CANDAHAR: A SKETCH AT THE WINNING POST



RUSSIA.—The Ides of March have come and gone, and the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Czar's accession has been duly celebrated without any catastrophe having happened, despite the prophecies of evil which were so plentifully uttered before the event. There is a tinge of bitter irony in the festive commemoration of a Sovereign's accession when that monarch lives in terror of his life, and seeks to secure his safety by the most stringent laws, and by the appointment of a Dictator and a Council, armed with the most complete and arbitrary powers over the lives and liberties of his subjects. As was apprehended, the last attempt upon the Czar's life has caused him to abandon any faint idea that he might have entertained of granting any liberal concessions in honour of his "silver" anniversary, and to give himself entirely up to stern and uncompromising measures of repression. Thus, the appointment of Count Loris Melikoff and the Executive Commission, "for the protection of the State and Society in Russia," was at once followed by a proclamation on the part of the Dictator, announcing "that he would not hesitate to take the most stringent measures for the punishment of criminal acts." Moreover, to judge by his conduct in stamping out the epidemic of plague last year by the enforcement of measures which could only have been carried into effect by a Russian General, Count Melikoff, who by birth is an Armenian, is a man who will not err on the side of leniency. Whether, however, the same line of policy will answer amongst the Nihilists in St. Petersburg as it did amongst the Volga peasants remains to be seen. Indeed, the Revolutionists have already vouchsafed an answer to his threats, for on Wednesday, as General Loris Melikoff was alighting from his carriage at his residence he was fired at by a young man with a revolver, the ball passing through the folds of his great coat. The assassin was at once captured, and the general has been overwhelmed with letters and visits of congratulation.

To return to the festivities, all sorts of rumours were current respecting the intention of the Nihilists to blow up the public buildings, the opera house, and, indeed, half St. Petersburg, on Tuesday; but, nevertheless, the morning was ushered in by military bands of music playing before the Czar's palace, by the decking of the streets with flags and streamers, and portraits and busts of the Czar, and by the thronging of thousands of sight-seers and officials, in the open space before the Winter Palace, to congratulate its Imperial inmate. At ten o'clock Alexander II. appeared, surrounded by his family, under a small green tent on the balcony over the entrance, being welcomed by the National Anthem, "God Preserve the Czar," from a score of bands, the cheers of the multitude beneath, a salute from the batteries of the Neva, and peals of bells from all the churches in the city. A festival thanksgiving service followed, and then came a grand reception, at which, owing to the Empress's illness, the Duchess of Edinburgh performed the feminine honours. The Czar also drove out through the streets in an open carriage, and in the evening there was a grand performance of Glinka's *Life for the Czar* at the Opera House. Of course there have been the usual number of official addresses of loyalty from the provinces, and for some time past the silversmiths' shops have teemed with elaborate and costly gifts, which have been presented by various corporations and societies, while on his side the Czar has celebrated the occasion by an Imperial ukase, relieving the peasants and others from various arrears of taxes, Government fines, &c., and by the bestowal of decorations and rewards upon numerous faithful officials, amongst whom M. de Valujieff is especially distinguished by being raised to the rank of Count.

Not the least interesting incident of the day was the publication of a congratulatory letter from the Emperor of Germany, and countersigned by Prince Bismarck, in which the Emperor expresses "My joy that the friendship which united our fathers, who rest in God, has been maintained in our mutual relations. In looking back upon the occasions in which this friendship has been tried, I feel confident that it will continue to exist unchanged until the end of my life." This passage, considering the apparently strained relations between the two countries, has been bountifully commented upon, as also the closing sentence, in which the Emperor records "his especial pleasure" in "renewing to you the assurance of my esteem and unalterable friendship."

Once again St. Petersburg has been virtually placed in a state of siege, and a most stringent code of street regulations is now enforced. All street doors must be closed after six P.M., and be opened at six A.M. No lights are allowed after midnight, and the *doornik*, or house watchman, is empowered to enter any room where he may see a light subsequent to that hour, while he is also instructed to stop any visitor after six P.M., inquire whom he is about to call upon, and his own name, profession, and calling. On the other hand, the *Daily News* correspondent, telegraphing on Monday, states that the aspect of the streets that afternoon, filled with people and gay equipages, contradicted the "absurd statements" describing St. Petersburg, which have appeared in certain English journals, where the streets are represented as deserted, and the passers-by speaking with "bated breath."

FRANCE.—The proposed extradition of the Russian refugee, Hartmann, is the chief question of the day. The French Government are still considering the matter, but in the mean time the Radicals are bringing all possible power to bear upon the Government for his release. Various meetings have been held to protest against his surrender to the Russian authorities, and Victor Hugo has written a characteristic letter to M. Grévy and his Ministers, telling them amongst other things "the law is between you and him; above the law there is right. Despotism and Nihilism are the two monstrous results of the same fact, which is a political one. Extradition laws stop at political facts. All nations observe these laws, and France will observe them. You will not deliver this man." Speaking of Victor Hugo, he was entertained by the Paris Press at a grand banquet on Monday to celebrate his seventy-eighth birthday, and the fiftieth anniversary of *Hernani*. In his speech of thanks the veteran poet told the world that "The French Press is one of the mistresses of the human mind. Its task is daily. Its work is colossal. It acts simultaneously and perpetually on every part of the civilised world. Its combats, its quarrels, its anger, all resolve themselves into progress, harmony, and peace. In its premeditations it seeks truth, by its polemics it strikes light." After all this we shall regard the *feuilletons* of the *Figaro* with veneration, the society jottings of the *Gaulois* with awe, and greedily plunge into the deep philosophy of the *Paris Journal*. *En suite*, a statue to M. de Cassagnac and the apotheosis of M. de Villemessant.

To return, however, to politics and politicians, the first six clauses of the Ferry Higher Education Bill have been passed by the Senate; but the *crux*—the anti-Jesuitical seventh clause—was postponed until Thursday, when the *habitués* of the Luxembourg were expected to have a lively time. There are very few noteworthy political items. A Bill for Post Office Saving Banks is under consideration; and considerable comment has been made upon the appointment of the German Ambassador, Prince Hohenlohe, as the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, more particularly owing to the conclusions drawn by the correspondent of an English journal, that this step meant hostility to France. The *Temps*, however, states authoritatively that these rumours have been denied by a telegram

from the French Ambassador at Berlin; and that, on the contrary, the selection of Prince Hohenlohe was in no little measure due to his well-known sympathy with France, and with M. de Freycinet in particular. There has been much discussion also, and no little scandal, at the sudden supersession of General Vinoy by General Faidherbe as Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, for no ostensible reason whatever. General Vinoy's well-known cool-headedness and patriotism during the Franco-Prussian war had earned him the respect of all parties, and much astonishment has been caused by such an insult to a veteran officer, now in his eightieth year.

From Paris there is little beyond the election of M. Labiche and M. Maxime du Camp to the Academy; the first performance of Schumann's *Faust* at the Cirque d'Hiver, which does not appear to have been as successful as had been expected, a forthcoming Baby Show at the Palais de l'Industrie, and the opening of the Second Exhibition of the French Water Colour Society. The pictures, 114 in number, comprise contributions by Baron, Doré, Heilbuth, Jacquemard, Jourdain, and many other artists well known in English art circles, including Detaille, who sends two English subjects, "The Scotch Guards Returning from Exercise in Hyde Park," and "Soldiers Parading in the Tower of London."

GERMANY.—The all-absorbing topic has been the Army Bill, which was introduced in the Reichstag on Monday by the Minister of War, General Von Kamecke. Count Moltke made the most important speech, recapitulating the reasons which had caused the Government to introduce the measure. Sneering at the notion of peace being maintained by the "Babel confusion of universal fraternisation, international Parliaments, and the like," he declared that all nations were in equal want of peace, and that "all Governments will keep the peace as long as they are strong enough to do so." Describing the military position of Germany, he declared that all her neighbours had "elbow room" in the form of ranges of mountains, or semi-barbarous nations, from whom there was nothing to fear, while she herself is placed right in the midst of the Great Powers. "Our neighbours east and west have only to show front on one side," he continued, and he then proceeded to point out the large increase in the French Army since the war, namely, from 336,000 men to 670,000, not counting her territorial army. Thus France has more than doubled her army, while Germany has "quietly stuck to the 1 per cent. of an antiquated national census." The peace footing of the French Army thus amounts to 497,000 men, while Germany only reckoned upon 401,659, while again the Russian peace effective amounts to double that number. "On which side then," he cried, "is there a menace, a peril to peace? . . . Has the German Michael ever drawn the sword except to defend his skin?" He concluded with reminding his hearers of the desert into which Swedes, Frenchmen, and Germans had once transformed Germany, and with an appeal to defend "above all things the safety and honour of the Empire, our long yearned-for and finally achieved unity." The Bill was ultimately referred to a Committee—a proceeding tantamount to its acceptance.

Prince Bismarck is still very ill with neuralgia. He was unable to attend the debate, and on Saturday was visited by the Emperor.

AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—There is very little news from Turkey this week. Brigandage is reappearing in Macedonia, in the Herzegovina, and in various other provinces; and there has been a riot at Kirdjidi Schirvat, in Eastern Roumelia. Colonel Synge is still Niko's prisoner, and, according to the *Daily News* correspondent, the bandit demands 15,000*l.* ransom and fifteen gold watches within ten days. Otherwise he will send first an ear, then the nose, and finally the head of his unfortunate victim. Mr. Blunt, however, has telegraphed to Colonel Layard that he has heard from Colonel Synge, who states that he is well treated by the brigands. Niko has temporarily disappeared, and the negotiations for his release are consequently suspended. At Constantinople M. Onou, the chief Russian Dragoman, and Colonel Commeraoff have been shot at while riding, the latter being fatally wounded, and dying on Wednesday. The culprits are Bosniacs, and state that they were quarrelling among themselves at the time, and did not know who M. Onou and Colonel Commeraoff were.

INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.—The news from Afghanistan is unimportant. The result of the negotiations with Mahomed Jan and the Ghazni Congress is anxiously awaited, but according to one journal Mustafi Habibullah, the English Envoy, has failed. Abdurrahman Khan is also said to be communicating from Balkh with the rebel chiefs. The Lughman Valley expedition, under General Bright, has successfully completed its work, and has returned to Asmatullah's fort. The chief item of interest, however, has been the removal by Sir Frederick Haines of General Massy from the command of the cavalry force at Cabul.

On Wednesday the Viceroy made a long speech in the Legislative Council, reviewing the whole financial policy of the Indian Government, pointing out the success of the various measures adopted and warmly defending his policy against the attacks of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Forster, declaring that the actual charge for interest on the debt had only been increased by 2,500,000*l.* during the last forty years, "notwithstanding the addition to the Empire of five provinces, with forty-two millions of people, and the cost of six wars, besides the suppression of the mutiny and several great famines." The Viceroy and all his Council strongly opposed the proposal to throw any part of the cost of the Afghan War upon England, and speaking of the campaign, Lord Lytton vindicated the character of General Roberts, declaring that no Afghan had been executed for rebellion, or for taking up arms to repel invasion, or on any charge not punishable with death by the ordinary practice of war. The Viceroy also absolutely denied the truth of the statements made by the Duke of Argyll.

In SWITZERLAND there have been great rejoicings over the completion of the piercing of the St. Gothard tunnel, which was accomplished on Sunday morning. Many persons walked through the tunnel that day, the journey there and back occupying seven hours, the distance being 9½ miles, the tunnel being the longest in the world. The work was commenced in 1872, and the boring has been effected by machinery worked with compressed air. Great *fêtes* were to be held in honour of the event at Airolo on Wednesday. It may be remembered that M. Favre, the contractor for the work, died about six months ago in the tunnel itself.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In ITALY King Humbert, replying to the deputation presenting the Address to the Throne, clearly and emphatically expressed the expectation that peace would be maintained, but stated that it was necessary not to neglect the measures requisite to obtain a good military organisation.—In the UNITED STATES the excitement at San Francisco regarding Chinese labour is subsiding, the working men having followed the Mayor's advice to cease holding meetings. New York has been *fitting* M. de Lesseps. The Irish fund now amounts to 169,400*l.*, and of this the *Herald* has collected 52,329*l.*—In AUSTRALIA the elections to the Victorian Parliament have resulted in the defeat of the Ministry, and the Hon. Graham Berry and his Ministers, who are in a minority of twelve, have resigned.—In SOUTH AFRICA, Mr. Gordon Spragg, the Premier and Colonial Secretary, in the course of a speech to his constituents at East London, announced that a series of resolutions on the subject of the confederation of the South African Colonies would be submitted to the House of Assembly, and that a conference of delegates from all the colonies—viz., the Cape Colony, Natal, the Transvaal, and Griqualand West—would be summoned to discuss the whole scheme.



THE Queen will again visit the Italian Lakes this spring, and Her Majesty will probably leave England for the Continent about the 22nd inst. Crossing to Cherbourg in the *Victoria and Albert*, the Queen and Princess will travel straight to Baveno, where they spent some time last year at the Villa Clara, and after a stay of a few weeks will visit Germany, returning home *via* Flushing and Queenborough. Meanwhile, Her Majesty remains at Windsor, and at the end of last week gave a diplomatic dinner party, where the French and Russian Ambassadors and the Danish Minister were among the guests. On Saturday night Sir Henry and Lady Ponsonby dined with the Queen, and next morning Her Majesty, with the Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold, attended Divine Service in the private chapel, Dr. Vaughan preaching the sermon. Princess Christian lunched at the Castle, and in the evening Lord John Manners, the Dean of Windsor and Mrs. Wellesley, and Dr. Vaughan, dined with the Queen. On Monday Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice drove to Bagshot to see the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and next day the Queen gave audience to the Judge-Advocate-General.—The Queen comes to town next week to hold a levee on Wednesday, and a Drawing Room on Friday.

The Prince of Wales spent a day at Cambridge last week, when he presided at the anniversary dinner of the University Amateur Dramatic Club, and subsequently attended their performances. Returning to town the Prince dined with the officers of the Queen's Guards at St. James's Palace, and on Saturday night accompanied his wife and daughters to Hengler's Circus. On Sunday the Prince and Princess and their daughters attended Divine Service at the Chapel Royal, St. James, and on Monday night they went to St. James's Theatre. On Wednesday the Prince and Princess and their daughters visited the Carthouse Show at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. It is stated that the Prince may probably visit Nice next week, to be present at the Regatta, of which he is patron. He has entered his new yacht, the *Formosa*, to compete for the Grand Prize of 800*l.*, the King of Portugal's vessel, the *Sirius*, also being a competitor, while the Crown Prince of Austria, who is cruising *incognito* as Count Neudorff in his yacht, the *Nixe*, will race her in one of the other contests.

The Princess Louise is decidedly better, and is now able to leave her bed. Detailed accounts of her late accident show it to have been very serious. It appears that the coachman lost control of the horses shortly after leaving Rideau Hall, and in rounding a corner the sleigh was overturned, and the coachman thrown out, while the horses bolted. The Princess was thrown head foremost against one of the iron rods supporting the roof, and her ear was cut right through to the lobe, her head being at first on the ground. The Marquis was on the lower side and, though unable to move, supported her body, while Col. McNeill succeeded in raising her head, the bleeding from the ear being so profuse as to completely saturate his sleeve. The whole party was thus dragged for some distance till the horses slackened speed, and Mr. Bagot and a groom, who were in the sleigh behind, managed to catch the horses and extricate the occupants. Except immediately after the blow the Princess was sensible during the whole of the time.—The Duke of Edinburgh reached St. Petersburg on Saturday, and was met at the station by the Duchess and several of the Grand Dukes. On his way to Russia the Duke stopped at Berlin and was present at a musical *soirée* given by the Emperor and Empress.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught last week visited the German Hospital, Dalston.—Princess Beatrice has become patroness of the Belgrave Hospital for Children, Gloucester Street, and has sent a donation of 25*l.*

The Empress of Austria concludes her hunting visit to Ireland to-morrow (Sunday). She has not had very good sport during the last part of her stay, as she was unable to go out through indisposition during the first days of the week, and a heavy fall of snow subsequently prevented hunting. To-day (Saturday) Her Majesty intends to visit the Curragh Camp.—The Queen of Hanover and her second daughter, Princess Mary, are at Nice, where they will be joined shortly by the Duke of Cumberland.



BIBLICAL REVISION.—In a lecture recently delivered in New York, the Rev. Philip Schaff, D.D., one of the American Revisionists, after describing the harmonious manner in which the English and American Commissions are working together, said that all the proposed changes which cannot be agreed on (which, however, touch mainly on minor points of language and spelling, and matters of national taste) will be printed in an appendix to the work. The version is to be printed and published by the University Presses of Oxford and Cambridge, and as no part of the cost will be borne by America, the English Commission will claim the exclusive copyright. The New Testament will be copyrighted by next autumn, so that it may be issued in the fifth century after Wycliffe's first English edition was given to the world. The Old Testament will not be completed for two or three years to come, and the Apocrypha will be delayed two or three years later. Dr. Schaff is of opinion that the new copy will soon take the place of the "unauthorised revision," and to the fear of those who think that it may unsettle peoples' minds he replies that the minds of some are already unsettled and need settling again. The best way to do this is, he thinks, to obtain the best rendering of God's Book that our learning, scholarship, and intellectual advancement could procure, and that ultimately it would tend to the greater glory of God, the spread of His power, and the influence of His Holy Spirit.

A NEW BISHOPRIC FOR CHINA.—An anonymous donor has offered 10,000*l.* as the nucleus of an endowment fund for a new Bishopric in North China, to be regarded as a missionary and not a territorial see. The Primate, who is to have the appointment of the first Bishop, has accepted the offer, but it has been decided that the minimum capital for endowment shall be 13,000*l.*, and the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge and the Colonial Bishops' Fund will each probably add 1,000*l.* to the fund.

A CATHEDRAL FOR LAHORE.—An appeal is now being made for the establishment of a cathedral at Lahore, to which a Bishop has been recently appointed. At present the services of the Church of England are performed in a Mahomedan shrine dedicated to a murdered slave girl; and it is thought that, as even Mahomedans and Hindus are offering funds to relieve the Church of England from the scandal of worshipping in an alien temple, English Churchmen may respond to the appeal. The Maharajah of Cashmere has offered timber for the new cathedral.

THE BISHOP OF LICHFIELD, on Tuesday, delivered his Primary Charge to the assembled clergy of his diocese in his cathedral

After dealing with a variety of practical questions relating to spiritual work in the diocese, he said that though he would not for a moment seem to speak in disparagement of a faith so simple, unquestioning, and beautiful as that which was formerly held, enquiring nothing, questioning nothing, and exploring nothing; yet doubting nothing, and rejoicing that God had provided the he none the less believed and rejoiced that God had provided the present age with some better thing. While holding fast as firmly as his forefathers the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, he supposed there were few who would now maintain the theory of inspiration which secured the infallibility of every word and every syllable of the English translation, whatever might be the subject, whoever might be the speaker. He was glad that, while holding the Bible to be the Word of God, they had learned that it was better to face difficulties, welcome the researches of criticism, and hail the discoveries of science. Deploring that some had made shipwreck concerning the faith, he observed that there was something very touching in the scepticism of the day, so different from the flippant and defiant unbelief of bygone days. As to the doctrine of eternal punishment, while conceding the possibility of an ultimate issue of good for all, he held that there were no solid grounds on which to build such a doctrine, and that the minister of Christ was bound to preach even the darker sides of truth, though never to exaggerate them.

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER, at a meeting of the Propagation of the Gospel Society at Preston, responded to the hearty welcome given to him on his first appearance there since his marriage, and said that it was a misconception to suppose that he intended limiting his supervision of the episcopate to ten or twelve years. He would continue in the office so long as health and strength permitted. He severely criticised the dissensions existing in the Church Societies, and hoped that a better spirit would soon prevail.—Last week, Dr. Fraser was privately presented with a service of plate, a wedding gift from the clergy of the diocese. The laity of the diocese have not yet determined the form their testimonial is to take.

THE FREE SUNDAY MOVEMENT.—Lord Derby has become a Vice-President of the Sunday School Society.—At a recent conference of the National Sunday League, resolutions were passed condemning the suppression by the Lord Chamberlain of the Sunday Evenings for the People at the Connaught Theatre, and pledging the Meeting to press for the repeal or modification of the "unjust and all but obsolete" law against Sunday lectures and sacred music.—On Monday the Nottingham Town Council, after a lengthy debate, rejected by thirty votes to twenty-four a motion made by Mr. Councillor Jacoby in favour of opening the Castle Museum of Art on Sunday.

A CURIOUS ECCLESIASTICAL SUIT.—On Saturday the Dean of Arches, acting on Letters of Request from the Bishop of St. Alban's, decreed a citation against the Rev. E. J. Warmington, Rector of Dongie, Essex, to answer the complaint of a Miss Andrews for having refused to her the Holy Communion. Mr. Jeune in stating the case said that on the 2nd of November last, Mr. Warmington read a portion of the Rubric against persons coming to the sacrament not in a proper frame of mind, and in doing so used the feminine gender. He also refused to administer the Sacrament to Miss Andrews when she presented herself. The Dean of Arches said the first point was somewhat vague, but the second was clear enough.

THE MISSIONARY WAR IN NEW BRITAIN.—It is said that although Sir Arthur Gordon, Her Majesty's High Commissioner in the Pacific, has refused to sanction the adoption of criminal proceedings against the Rev. George Brown for the part he took in May, 1878, in the war to avenge the murder of four native teachers in New Britain, his Excellency intends to proceed with an official investigation into the circumstances. The German Government have expressed their approval of Mr. Brown's conduct.

THE OVER-AMMERGAU PASSION PLAY.—Mr. Gritton, the secretary of the Lord's Day Observance Society, writing to the *Academy* calls attention to the announcement that this play is to be acted on all the Lord's Days in June, July, August, and September, and on three in May. "Surely," he continues, "the thing itself is sufficiently evil in its approximation to terrible blasphemy, in its re-suscitation of mediæval puerility, and in its encouragement of the most materialistic aspect of sensuous and æsthetic religion, without adding to the evil by making the Lord's Day the occasion for the performance. Popery and infidelity may well rejoice in the announcement of the Passion Play. Christianity can but lament, and her followers will do well to humble themselves and make solemn protest."

ANOTHER BURIAL SCANDAL.—Much indignation has been caused in the village of Lymsted, near Sittingbourne, by the conduct of the vicar, the Rev. J. Hamilton, in refusing to read the burial service over a deceased parishioner, because the funeral party were behind the appointed time. After some delay the coffin was admitted to the churchyard and left in the open grave until next day, when the service was read over it and the grave was filled in. The coffin was not taken at all into the church, where it is usual to read a portion of the Burial Service.

AT THE RUSSIAN CHAPEL, Welbeck Street, on Tuesday a *Te Deum* Service was held in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession of the Emperor Alexander. M. Smirnoff was the officiating priest, and the congregation consisted mainly of Russian subjects resident in London, including Prince Lobanoff, Ambassador, M. de Perg, Consul General, and all the other members of the Russian Embassy.



CARL ROSA'S OPERA COMPANY.—Since our last there has been nothing new. The favourite operas of the season have been counted upon as sufficient attraction, and seeing that the house has been full night after night—not unfrequently crowded—with solid reason. The two *bona fide* novelties, the *Taming of the Shrew* and *Aida* in English, have both been successful. As we predicted, the charming work of the late Hermann Goetz has completely won the public ear, and bids fair to rank among the most popular features of the repertory. So true is this that even after the departure of Miss Minnie Hauk, the original Katharine in London as at Berlin, an extra performance of the *Taming of the Shrew* was given on Monday, with Miss Julia Gaylord as the heroine. Although the part is not precisely suited either to the physical means or mental idiosyncrasy of that clever and versatile young lady, there was very much in her performance to commend; and while in certain situations that hardly suggest themselves Miss Gaylord comparatively failed, she acquitted for this wherever the gentler attributes of the character are exhibited. The defiant Katharine, Katharine the "shrew," was not in her artistic nature; but the conquered Katharine, Katharine the loving and obedient wife, was all there; and as such Miss Gaylord obtained general acceptance. Moreover, having played in the opera on several occasions during Mr. Rosa's last "provincial" tour, she was thoroughly conversant with the music, and therefore possessed the most important requirement. On Wednesday what may be termed on the whole as a very effective representation of Verdi's *Traviata* introduced a *débutante*, Madame Telma (Mrs. Walsham,

if we are not mistaken), in the trying part of Leonora. Madame Telma has a capable voice of pleasing quality, united to considerable intelligence; but she would have done more wisely, if less ambitiously, had she attempted a less high flight, selecting for so special an occasion something more legitimately within her means. She met with fair encouragement, however, and will be heard of again with satisfaction. Mr. Joseph Maas was the Manrico, and as far the greater part of the music comes quite within the compass of, and is otherwise well suited to, his beautiful voice, his singing met with more than ordinary approval. His delivery of the address to Leonora (*Italiane*—"Ah, si ben mio"), in the Bridal Scene, was irreproachable, and equally so Manrico's soliloquy in the fortress (*Italiane*—"Ah, che la morte"), which had naturally a good deal to say to the encore insisted upon for the "Miserere." In fact, Mr. Maas is making sensible progress in the estimation of the well judging public. He is already a singer, and, with his undoubted intelligence, there is no evident reason why he should not become an actor into the bargain. Mr. Ludwig was an excellent Count di Luna, winning the customary encore for "The Tempest of the Heart" ("Il balen del suo sorriso"), and Miss Josephine Yorke a zealously demonstrative Azucena. Mr. Snazelle, in the smaller part of Ferrando, proved, as always, fully competent. Among other operas recently much in vogue is Sir Julius Benedict's *Lily of Killarney*, which the other night, when the composer himself directed the performance, again drew a crowded house. The season terminates this evening. The chosen opera is *Mignon*, and Mr. Carl Rosa will, it is expected, occupy the conductor's chair.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN'S NEW OPERA.—Mr. Gye has been to Hamburg to witness Herr Rubinstein's new opera, *Nero*—so much extolled by Dr. Hans von Bulow in a letter addressed to the editor of the *Hanover Zeitung*. There is, we believe, a fair chance of its forming one of the attractions of the forthcoming Royal Italian Opera prospectus. Meanwhile the renowned composer-pianist himself, but lately giving concerts in Warsaw, has left for St. Petersburg, to superintend the rehearsals of another new opera, *Kalaschnikoff*, to be played in the Russian language at the National Russian Theatre. Herr Rubinstein will visit London during the season, but whether to play in public, as all amateurs of amazing virtuosity must wish, is not, we believe, decided on.

VERDI IN PARIS.—It is said that something like 300,000 francs will be expended in the getting up *Aida* at the Grand Opera. Verdi is everywhere *filé*, and so gratified with his reception that, if report may be credited, he has promised the opera upon which he has been for some time engaged (on the subject of Shakespeare's *Othello*) for M. Vaucorbeil's Theatre. The first representations of *Aida* in French will be conducted by Verdi himself, the *chef d'orchestre*, M. Altès, having resigned the bâton into the hands of the celebrated Bussetese composer.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—Nothing this week specially demanding notice, except a new song by Berthold Tours, "The Three Singers." This, which was enriched by an organ accompaniment, was admirably sung by Madame A. Sterling, and was very favourably received. Next Wednesday will be the last concert of the series.

WAIFS.—In consequence of the always increasing success of Madame Albani at the Brussels Théâtre de la Mounaie, she was induced by the management to give some further representations. To-night she takes her leave, as Marguerite in *Faust*. Her other parts have been Lucia, Gilda, and Elsa. Admired in all, she perhaps created the deepest impression by her impersonation of Wagner's poetical heroine, which took the Brussels amateurs by surprise, at which London amateurs, by the way, will feel not at all surprised.—Miss Minnie Hauk left for Naples on Saturday. She returns in April, for the regular Italian operatic season at Her Majesty's.—Another theatre has been destroyed by fire—the Stadt-Theater at Rostock.—A "People's Theatre" is to be built at St. Petersburg, in commemoration of the 25th anniversary of the Czar's accession to the throne. It is to be completed within three years.—A new theatre on a large scale is being erected in Tiflis, at a cost, it is said, of 500,000 roubles.—Sir Julius Benedict has resigned the position of conductor at the concerts of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, which he has for so many years held with distinction. A "farewell concert" on a large scale is, however, to be given for his benefit at the Philharmonic Hall. Among other singers of note, Madame Albani will give her services.—Herr Paul Mendelssohn, second son of the composer Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, died recently at Berlin, in his thirty-ninth year, almost precisely at the same age as his illustrious father.—Dvorak's Slavonic set for stringed instruments, which was so well received on the occasion of its first performance at the Popular Concerts, a fortnight since, is to be repeated, in compliance with a general wish, at the concert of this afternoon.—Mr. Charles Hallé comes up from Manchester, with all the members of his celebrated "Manchester Orchestra," which has taken him more than twenty years to form, in order to give two concerts at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday next, morning and evening.—Madame Christine Nilsson is once more in Paris. Her last representation at Madrid, for the benefit of the poor, realised over 10,000 francs. On taking leave of the King and Queen of Spain, the Swedish songstress received from the hands of the Queen a magnificent pearl set in diamonds, as a token of the satisfaction Her Majesty had derived from her performances.—Another book about Mozart ("Mozart and His Contemporaries") has been published by the indefatigable Herr Ludwig Nohl, at Leipzig, and yet another book about Chopin ("Chopin and His Works"), by Dr. J. Schucht—also at Leipzig. How many more?—Madame Trebelli's *début* as Azucena (*Il Trovatore*) at the Adelina Patti operatic performances was eminently successful.—The series of twelve concerts at the Westminster Aquarium was brought to a close on Saturday evening last, the occasion being the benefit of the able conductor, Mons. C. Dubois. A capital programme was provided, and gave great satisfaction to a very large audience. Madame Antoinette Sterling and Mr. Barton McGuckin were among the vocalists, and the Aquarium orchestra contributed several interesting selections. During the evening a new *bâton* was presented to M. Dubois by his colleagues. These concerts have proved so attractive that we think the management would do well to repeat them every Saturday. Mr. Farini's "friendly" Zulus, who are now supplemented by three of Cetewayo's daughters, continue to hold *sway*.



THE TURF.—The Croydon March meeting, which for several years was the great early spring gathering for cross-country purposes, has suffered of late from the rising-up of those young suburban giants, Sandown and Kempton Park, and to a great extent the wind is taken out of the sails of the chief steeplechase and hurdle-race events on the Woodside pastures. Still Mr. Verrall's meeting shows no sign of waning in popular favour; and though it was not favoured with as fine weather or such aristocratic patronage as was Sandown last week, it nevertheless attained a very fair standard of success. The course was in decent order, and the fields were of

average strength. On the first day Burley gave his first public performance over a country, and beat eight antagonists easily enough in the Stewards' Steeplechase, and The Owl cleverly defeated Gurth in the Middle-Class Hunters' Flat Race. In the Croydon Hunters' Race, by giving Review two stone and beating Puck at even weights, Timour may fairly claim to be Quit's successor as the top of the hunter class. The big event of the meeting, the Grand International Hurdle Race, came off on the Wednesday. Thornfield was a strong favourite, and the interest in the race would have been somewhat discounted by the favourite's performance at Sandown Park, where he so nearly won, had it not been that sinister rumours had been afloat about his lameness, some even going so far as to assert that he would not face the starter. His victory here was achieved quite easily, however, by six lengths or thereabouts, and though for far the greater portion of the journey he was kept in the rear, his great pace served him well at the finish. Fabius, who is still "on the big side," ran better than at Kempton Park, but Tentergate, although he took a decided lead after a half-a-mile had been covered, gave way on the approach to home. Burley, the winner of the Steward's Steeplechase yesterday, was not greatly fancied for the United Kingdom Steeplechase to-day, the extra distance seemed to tell upon him, and the winner turned up in Militant, who, after a very fine race with the favourite, Latchkey, just managed to win by a head, owing to the judicious riding of R. l'Anson, who was much cheered on returning to the paddock. The Selling Hunters' Flat Race was to-day's surprise, as it resulted in the overthrow of The Owl, upon whom odds of 2 to 1 were laid, by Gimcrack, who won with consummate ease after starting at the remunerative price of 10 to 1.

The money market on future events has recently been showing some briskeness, but the scratching of Robbie Burns and Peter for the Lincolnshire Handicap after they had attained to the first rank of favourites has been more than a sore blow to backers; forestalling the owner being alleged in the first instance as the cause of the withdrawal of the Northern horse. It is the old old story of the owner saying that he has "a right to do what he likes with his own," and of the public rejoicing that without its finding the sinews of war for lessees of racecourses, owners could not exist at all. The scratching of the horses just mentioned has restored the American Parole to his former position of first favourite. Rosy Cross and l'Acadia are next in demand, Briglia has recovered herself, while Fiddlestrang has advanced to the front ranks, and bids fair to carry as much money as anything in the race which will be decided before another fortnight is over.—For the Grand National, Liberator has been in demand at nine and ten to one, but here again there are rumours of the owner having been forestalled. Regal, however, has resumed the Premiership in the betting at seven to one with Wild Monarch in close attendance.—The death of Robert l'Anson, eldest son of Mr. William l'Anson, of Hungerford House, Norton, recalls memories of Blink Bonny and other equine celebrities with which he and his father had to do in years gone by.

COURSING.—The Ashdown Open Meeting can hardly be said to have brought out the leading kennels in such form as usual, and it failed to re-open any Waterloo Cup questions. The Craven Cup was won by Mr. Deighton's Deborah; Mr. Walker's Witchery took the Ashdown Stakes; and the Uffington were secured by Mr. Walker's Gamster.—To the regret of all coursers Mr. S. J. Binning has been obliged to relinquish the sport on account of ill health, and his kennel has come to the hammer.

FOOTBALL.—On Friday, the 5th inst., the last match in the fifth round of the Association Cup will be played at Kennington Oval, between the Royal Engineers and Oxford University.—For the first time the representatives of Lancashire and Ayrshire met in an Association game, Darwin being the tryst. The very strong team north of the Tweed gave the Scotchmen a decided victory by eight goals to one.—After two postponements Oxford and Cambridge have met at the Oval in a Rugby Union game, the latter winning by two goals to one. Thus each University has scored two victories in what may now be looked upon as an annual contest.

AQUATICS.—Spenser, of Chelsea, has added another to his many sculling victories by beating Green, of Barnes, for 100l. a side, over the Thames Championship course, on Monday last.—The proposed match on the Tyne, in which Boyd was to have given twelve boats' lengths to Hawdon, has fallen through; and it is said that for some time at least the former will not challenge Hanlan, the Canadian.—The Cambridge crew arrived on Saturday last at the Sun Hotel, Kingston, and, as they did last year, will practice between Teddington and Moulsey for several days before seeking the Putney waters; while the Oxford crew will follow precedent in arriving on Wednesday next at the residence of Mr. Grenfell, at Taplow, where they will remain for nearly a week before proceeding to the scene of action.

CRICKET.—In addition to an Australian eleven, composed mainly of our former visitors, it is announced that a team of Canadian cricketers will sail for England on the 1st of May, to play a series of matches in this country.



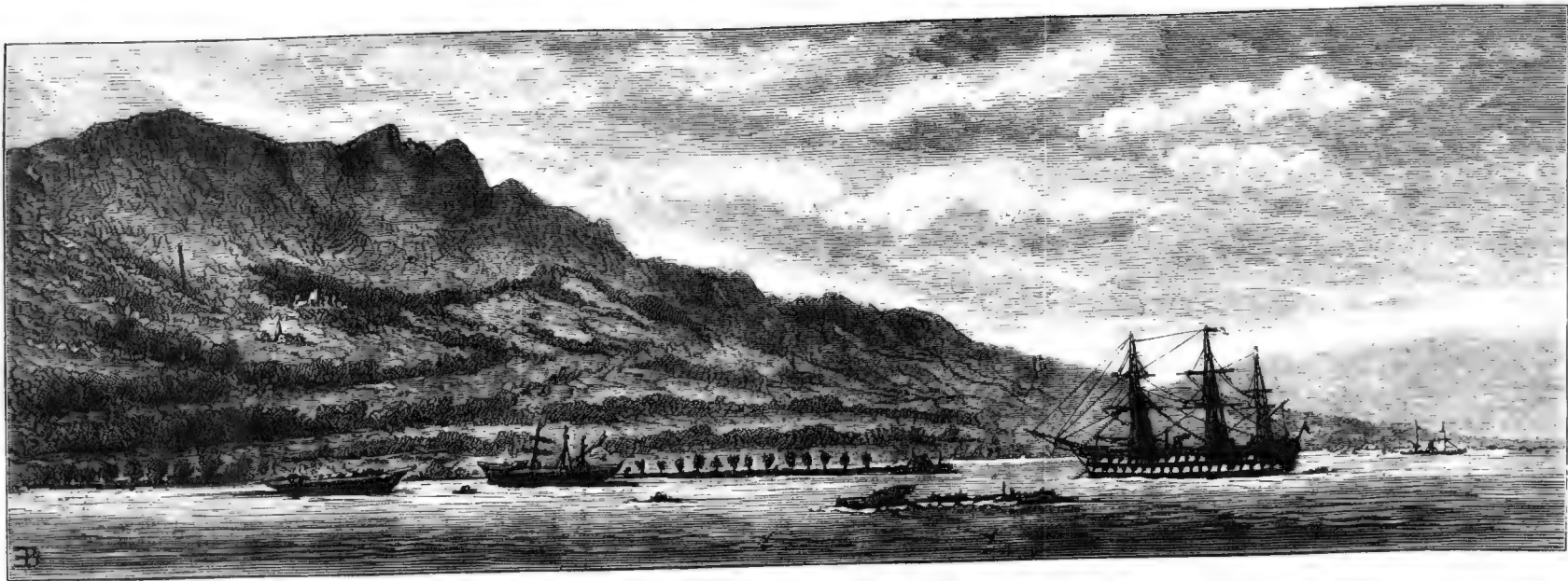
AN IMPORTANT DECISION.—In February, 1878, the Belgian mail steamer *Parlement Belge*, while on a voyage between Ostend and Dover, got into collision with a British steamer. An action was brought in the Admiralty Court to recover damages, and the defence was that the *Parlement Belge* sailed under a Royal pennon, and belonged to the Belgian navy, being officered by persons holding Royal commissions. Sir Robert Phillimore held the plea to be invalid, and decided that neither upon principle, precedent, nor analogy could the *Parlement Belge* be regarded as a public vessel exempt from process of law and all public claims; but this judgment has now been quashed by the three Lords Justices Brett, James, and Cotton, on appeal to the Supreme Court of Judicature.

THE "ROLL CALL."—An engraving of Miss Elizabeth Thompson's celebrated picture has just been the subject of dispute in the Derby County Court, a subscriber being sued for payment for a copy, which had only been delivered four years after the order had been given. On the first hearing the judge held that the defendant was not liable, but on proof being given that the delay was unavoidable, owing to the difficulty of printing, he reversed his decision.

LIBEL CASES.—The action brought by the Lord Mayor of Dublin against the publisher and printers of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* has been amicably settled, the Recorder consenting to allow the withdrawal of the charge, the defendants having published an apology, and agreed to pay 20l. to the Irish Distress Fund, and the costs of the proceedings.—The trial of Mrs. Georgina Weldon for alleged libel on M. Rivière was commenced on Tuesday at the Central Criminal Court. She put in a plea five yards in length, justifying her statement on the ground that it was true, and published for the public good.

MORE POLICE COURTS.—On Monday Mr. Fawcett, M.P., and Mr. Holmes, M.P., introduced a deputation to the Home Secretary, who urged the necessity for the appointment of additional stipendiary magistrates in London, more particularly in the Hackney district. Mr. Cross said he was favourable to the suggestion, but

(Continued on page 262)



CAVE HILL, BELFAST
THE RIDGE OF THE HILL IS SUPPOSED TO RESEMBLE THE FEATURES OF NAPOLEON I.



GENERAL PIEROLA
Dictator of Peru



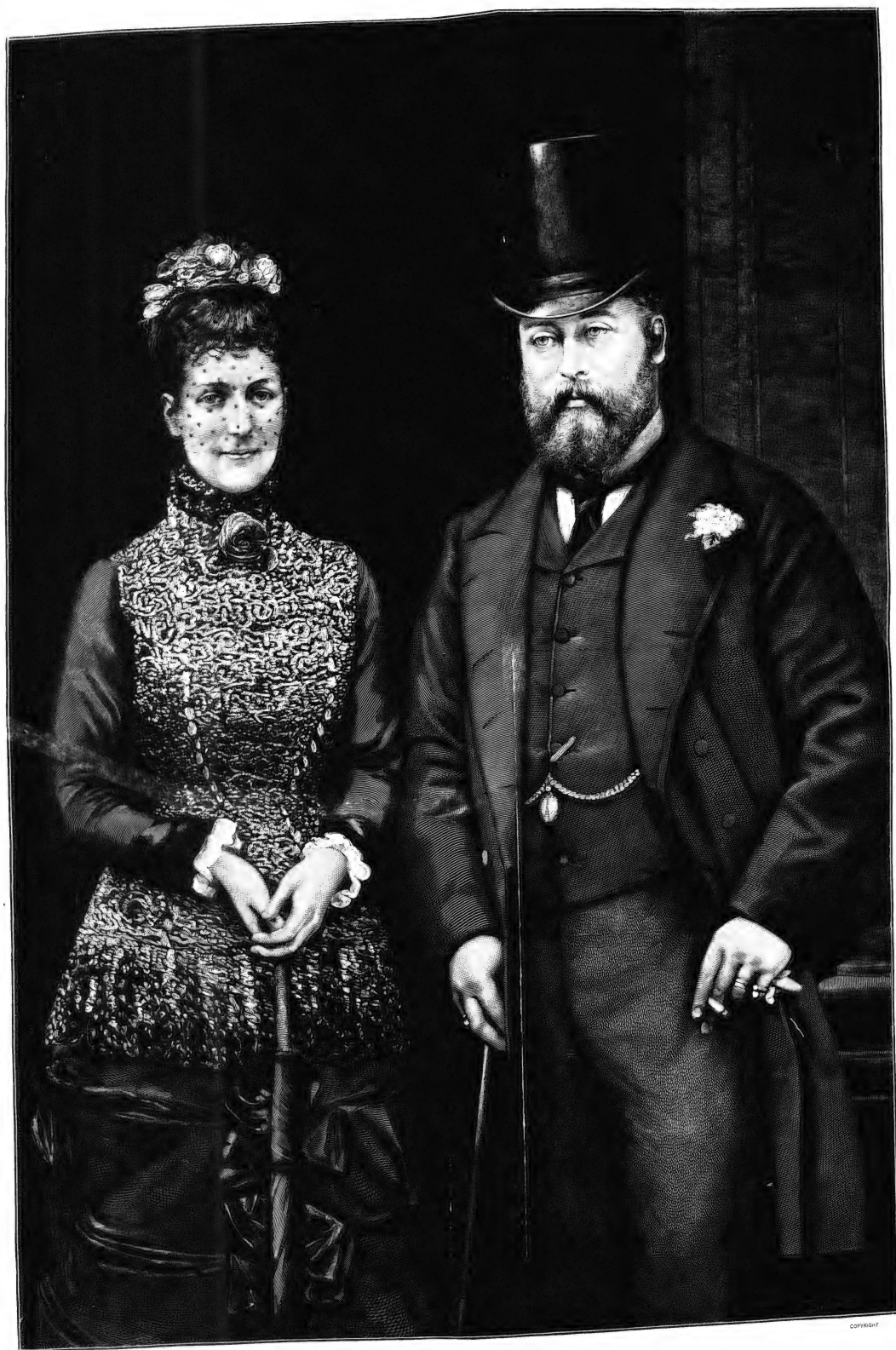
E. W. COOKE, R.A.
Died Jan. 4, 68



VISCOUNT LYNTON, M.P.
The New Member for Barnstaple



THE ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF THE CZAR—ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST FIRE ENGINE AT THE WINTER PALACE
AFTER THE EXPLOSION

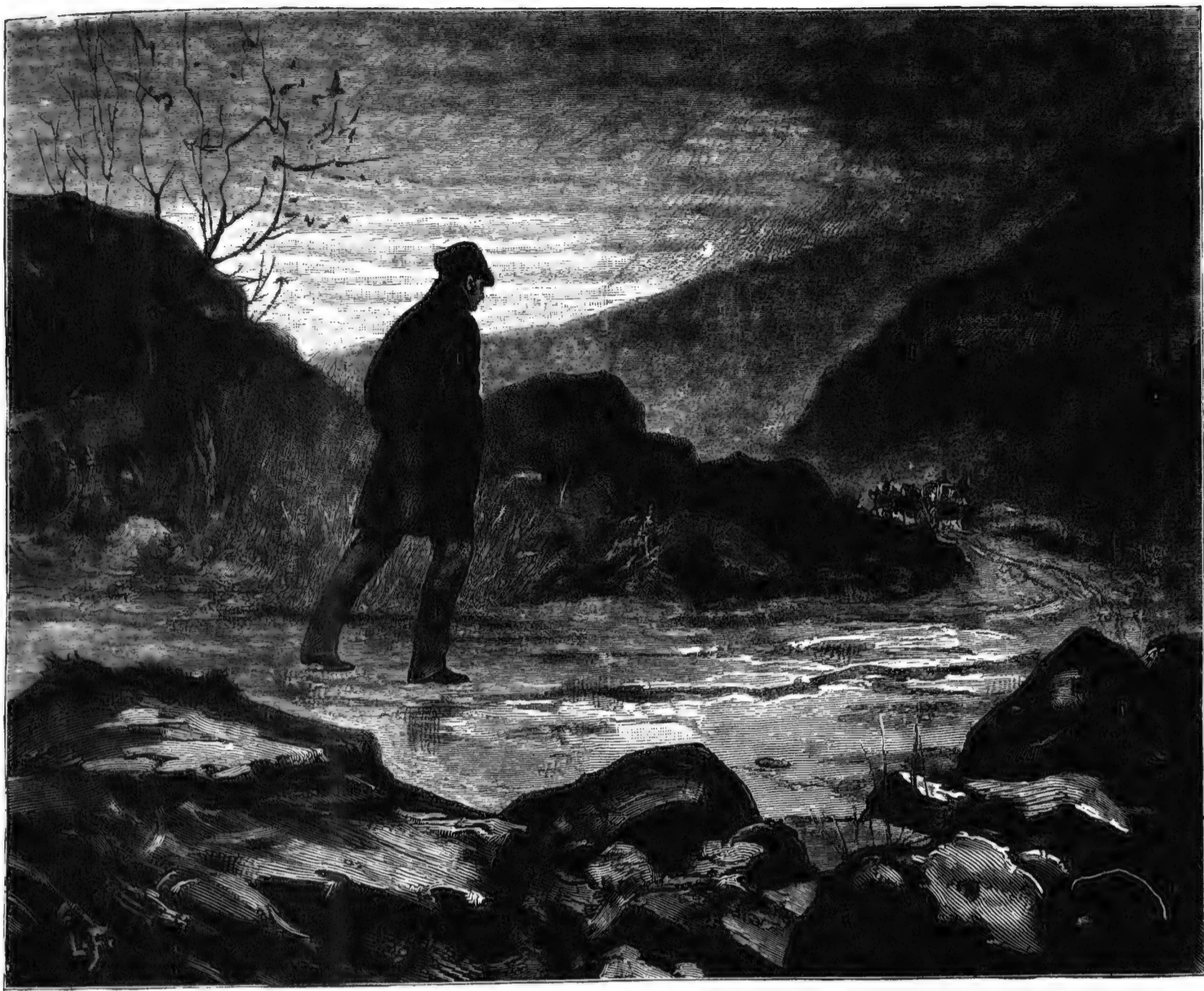


PHOTOGRAPHED BY MESSRS. TURNER AND DRINKWATER

Their Royal Highnesses the



Prince and Princess of Wales



DRAWN BY LUKE FILDÉS, A.R.A.

Mr. Prouting glanced back, and saw his master following at a rapid pace.

LORD BRACKENBURY: A Novel.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

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CHAPTER V.

OVER THE PASS OF BRACCO

WHEN Lord Brackenbury came back to the point from which he had started, he found Sandro Quaranta-Sette helping to put in fresh horses. So he settled down again into the roomy depths of the yellow calèche, ordered a cup of coffee to be brought out to him, and prepared to resume his journey.

Presently an old, old woman, with scant dishevelled locks and a skin like shrivelled parchment, tottered to the carriage window, mumbling for charity.

Lord Brackenbury felt for his purse; but a stalwart fisherman stepped out from among the bystanders, and drew the crone gently back.

"Pardon, Signore," he said, hastily; "we are not beggars, God be praised! But the Mother is old, and her memory . . ."

He stopped; touched his cap and said with a look of surprised recognition:—

"Ecco! The Signore of the *Felucca*!"

Lord Brackenbury smiled.

"And you," he replied, "are the carpenter who rigged up her bowsprit for me! That was the beginning of the rough weather, six weeks ago."

"The Signore goes to sea in a cockle-shell when the hurricanes are out, and travels by land in a carriage and four when waters are smooth and skies are fair!"

"Why not? Don't you like wind enough to fill your sail when you put to sea?"

The fisherman shrugged his shoulders.

"A little more wind that day, and the Signore would have been dashed to pieces, boat and all, on the rocks yonder! A broken neck is not so easy to mend as a broken bowsprit."

"That is true, my lad," said Lord Brackenbury; "but necks are as likely to get broken on shore as on sea, when one travels by such roads as these. The next time I pay your town a visit, I shall prefer to come by water."

The fisherman laughed.

"The Signore has left his *Felucca* in harbour at Genoa?" he asked.

Lord Brackenbury shook his head.

"I shall not be along this coast again for a year," he replied. "I have parted from the *Felucca*."

"That's a pity," said the fisherman, carrying on his share of the conversation with the childlike familiarity of his class. "She's a sound little craft. If I had money enough, I would have liked the refusal of her. The Signore is going to La Spezia?"

"I shall pass through La Spezia, but I am bound for Rome," replied Lord Brackenbury.

"Rome? Ah, I have a twin sister in Rome whom I have not seen for six years. Rome is a long way off—I wish the Signore was taking me with him!"

The postillions were by this time in their saddles, and Sandro Quaranta-Sette waited his lordship's pleasure to give the signal for starting. Mr. Prouting meanwhile looked on in amazed displeasure. Never had he seen his master talking so freely, smiling so pleasantly. If there was one thing in the world that Mr. Prouting hated more than another—and he hated most things and most people—it was low society. He prided himself on his Conservatism. In Mr. Prouting's eyes, a lord was a lord; a valet was a gentleman's gentleman; a fisherman in shirt-sleeves was low society. He almost felt that it was his painful duty to give warning on the spot.

"And from Rome I go home to England, which is still farther away," said Lord Brackenbury.

"Home! The Signore is not English?"

"Surely, I am English."

"Diavolo! The Signore speaks Italian as well as I do!"

Lord Brackenbury looked amused. He thought, perhaps, that he spoke it somewhat better. Not only was his *lingua Toscana in bocca Romano* which a cultivated foreigner sometimes very nearly succeeds in acquiring; but he spoke fluently the soft, slipshod Neapolitan, the resonant Venetian, the barbarous Bolognese, and even the mongrel Piedmontese. He had, in fact, made the dialects and folk-lore of Italy his particular study; and certain well-known translations of *Canti Popolari* in all these dialects which had appeared a few years before in "The Parthenon" were from his pen. But this was a secret known only to himself and the editor. Not even his own brother suspected that Lord Brackenbury had ever turned a line of verse, except as a school exercise.

The postillions, turning half round in their saddles, listened and laughed; Mr. Prouting, understanding not a word, looked the picture of outraged dignity; while Sandro Quaranta-Sette took advantage of the delay to whisper tender nothings in the ear of the black-eyed waitress who had brought out Lord Brackenbury's coffee.

"If I come this way next year, with a good yacht instead of a carriage," said Lord Brackenbury, "I will take you to Civita Vecchia, my lad, and that is only a day's walk from Rome."

The man's eyes sparkled.

"Will you, Signore?" he said. "Is it a promise?"

"Assuredly it is a promise—if I come."

"Ah, but you must come!"

"Meanwhile you will drink a flask to my health. Now, drivers—ready."

And Lord Brackenbury, having given back his cup, paid for his coffee, and slipped a parting present into the fisherman's hand, nodded a friendly farewell, and drove away.

The man's cheek flushed, and his fingers closed quickly on the coin.

The old mother tottered forward.

"What has he given thee, 'Tonio?' she asked, quaveringly.

"Corpo di Dio!" said Antonio, with a half laugh; so holding his hand that she only could see into the palm.

It contained a piece of gold.

The new horses were fresh; the post-boys had just dined; the way was level; and for the next mile or so the yellow calèche went at a rattling pace between the sands and the sea. Then came the cypress-crowned promontory barring the forward view; and then the road wound upwards and landwards, turning away from the coast through a sterile country interspersed with meagre plantations of cork and ilex. From this point, the ground rose rapidly, and kept rising. Vineyards and olive-groves were by and by succeeded by tracts of unrepaying soil where the oxen ploughed toilsomely against the slope. Then came fir-woods—stony wastes relieved here and there by cultivated patches—wind-swept heights where snow lay in the hollows—here and there a rude cross, where once upon a time some snow-blinded wayfarer had perished—then, in a sheltered spot some three thousand feet above the sea, a solitary post-house where Sandro Quaranta-Sette stayed to change horses.

Hence the road rose again, more and more rapidly, reaching at last a bleak stretch of level summit where a gang of cantonniers were at work clearing the road of newly fallen snow. They had lit a fire in a kind of natural grotto among the rocks, and had fixed up an olive bough and a rude print of the Madonna, in honour of the Festa.

Lord Brackenbury got out and talked to the men while the horses rested; warmed his hands at their fire; tasted their sour wine; and gave them a handful of small silver at parting.

The postboys said to each other that he was a "bravo Signore;" but Mr. Prouting was more than ever scandalised. That his master should familiarly chat, and even drink, with rough mountaineers in sheepskin jackets, was another evidence of that fatal taste for "low society" which so jarred upon Mr. Prouting's finest feelings.

Things were bad enough in England, thought Mr. Prouting to himself; but they were worse abroad. Often and often, when they were at home at his lordship's place in the north, he had seen his master walking side by side with common working-folk—field labourers, sand-carriers, and the like; sitting down in their cottages; talking to them with disgusting familiarity; listening patiently to all

their vulgar troubles. There was even an improbable story afloat in the servants' hall to the effect, that one evening last winter, in the midst of a heavy snowstorm, Lord Brackenbury had been seen carrying a pail of water for an old woman who lived somewhere on the edge of the moor. This was mere rumour, however, and for all his experience of Lord Brackenbury's eccentricities, Mr. Prouting could hardly bring himself to believe it. Then, to be sure, these were his lordship's own people—a part, so to say, of his estates. Here, the case was altogether different. What was condensation in England was low taste abroad. Mr. Prouting had no low tastes. His tastes, on the contrary, were lofty, aspiring, aristocratic. Nature, he felt, had intended him for a gentleman. Circumstances had made him a valet. His brow, he told himself, when he contemplated that feature in the glass, was moulded for a coronet. A coronet, in fact, would become it far better than it became the brow of Lord Brackenbury. Not that he had ever seen a coronet on Lord Brackenbury's brow; but that was of no moment. The expression pleased him, as a figure of speech; and he liked to dwell upon it. He also considered that he looked ten times more a lord than Lord Brackenbury. He was no taller, for Lord Brackenbury's cast-off clothes fitted him perfectly; but his whiskers were bushier, and his bearing, in his own opinion, was more dignified. In a word, Mr. Prouting flattered himself that he had "the grand air," and that Lord Brackenbury had it not.

Besides, it was not merely a question of manner or appearance, but of social proclivities. Mr. Prouting was intensely exclusive. No power on earth would have induced him, for instance, to associate with servants in livery, or to give his arm to a housemaid. He would no more have carried a pail of water for an old woman, or have drunk sour wine out of a cracked mug with a gang of Italian cantonniers, than he would have eaten his head. Seeing how Lord Brackenbury "bemeaned" himself, how wanting he was in everything like a proper sense of what was due to his position, Mr. Prouting shook his head at Fate, and asked her what she meant by installing his master in the yellow calèche, with a handle to his name and twenty thousand a year to his rent-roll, while she consigned himself, Samuel James Prouting, to the rumble?

The long bleak ridge, the snowy summit, the friendly cantonniers, were presently left behind. The road, beginning to descend, turned the shoulder of an overhanging bluff. Then, bristling with hill tops and furrowed with valleys, a vast panorama, obscured to the seaward by driving mists, and ending landwards in a ghost-like chain of jagged marble peaks, opened out ahead as suddenly as a scene is disclosed by the rising of a drop-curtain.

And now, the horses being in good condition and used to the work, the yellow calèche went at a swinging pace down a fine road that wound and doubled and zig-zagged darily along the mountain-side. The last snowdrifts were soon left far above, and the first belt of sparse vegetation and wind-tormented firs was reached again. The landscape varied with every turn of the road. Vineyards, and chestnut-woods, and olive-slopes showed green and gray in the valleys below; and where the mists parted, shifting glimpses of blue sea, now here, now there, were suddenly revealed, and again as suddenly hidden.

Down into the teeth of the storm the road plunged presently, and they reached the next post-house in a whirl of rain and sleet. The horses were taken out, splashed and reeking, and replaced by four fresh from the stables. The post-boys touched their hats for a liberal gratuity; the new ones jumped into their saddles; Sandro Quaranta-Sette lit a fresh cigarette; Mr. Prouting followed suit with a cigar; and they were off again.

They had now been many hours on the road, and the sun, gleaming through mist as the storm broke and passed, was fast dropping westward. Still winding, still descending, the road led down through scant chestnut-woods and farm-lands, and over another and a lower pass, to a large rambling village among the hills, where they again stopped to change horses.

The carriage drew up before a clean-looking inn; landlord, landlady, and an elderly waiter in rusty black, waiting at the door to receive them.

"Borghetto, mi-lord," said Sandro Quaranta-Sette, presenting an obsequiously smiling face at the carriage-door. "We are at Borghetto."

Lord Brackenbury, who was reading, looked up from his book. "Borghetto?" he said. "What of Borghetto? I had hoped it was Spezzia."

"Ah, Dio! Signore, we are still twenty-five kilometres from La Spezzia, and we have been travelling since seven this morning. At this season, when the days are short, many travellers sleep at Borghetto. Here, at the Hotel Europa, are good rooms, good beds, and a good cook."

Lord Brackenbury shook his head. "No, no," he said. "We must go on."

"But, Signore, the sun will set in three-quarters of an hour or so, and it will be dark before we get in!"

"What of that? You have a good road and fresh horses."

Still the vetturino persisted. The landlord of the Europa was his particular friend, and kept in his cellar a certain choice vintage for which Sandro Quaranta-Sette entertained an especial weakness.

"But my honoured Signore," he urged, in his most persuasive and deferential tone, "the Hotel is as good—nay, it is better, than the Hotel at La Spezzia; and . . ."

Lord Brackenbury frowned.

"I have told you to go on," he said, authoritatively. "My arrangements are made. Be good enough to get your horses in as quickly as possible."

With this he pulled up the window, and returned to his book. That his commands should be disputed, though never so deferentially, was something new and unheard of. As for the anxious and disappointed faces at the hotel door, he did not even see them.

Sandro Quaranta-Sette drew back, looking very blank and disconcerted. He, however, shrugged his shoulders, ordered out the relay, and hurried in to drink a bottle of his favourite vintage before starting.

"He is a mule, this English milordo!" he said, shaking himself in his wet coat, like a big dog. "He must go on to La Spezzia, forsooth, day or dark, storm or fair! 'Tis nothing to him, if we outside are drenched and shivering."

And, with the amiable ferocity of Italian blood, he wished, as he poured out a tumblerful of the rich red wine, that the usual vague accident might befall Lord Brackenbury before twenty-four hours should have passed over his head.

The horses were soon in, the bottle soon emptied, and amid much lamentation on the part of the landlady, and much valedictory shouting on the part of Sandro and his friend the landlord, the yellow calèche set off again in the teeth of a driving rain.

It was, however, but the tail of the storm; and although a rolling sea of vapour surged overhead and blotted out all but the lower mountain slopes, the rain presently ceased, or nearly ceased, in the valleys.

Still descending, the road followed the course of a swollen torrent, and entered a long ravine closed in on either side by terraced vineyards and hanging chestnut woods. The mists brooded so low, the ravine was so tortuous, the dusk was so rapidly drawing on, that there was little to see in any direction; but Lord Brackenbury, tired of reading, opened the window on the torrent side, and watched the scenery with some interest. Presently he put his head out, and bade the post-boys stop.

"How far are we now from La Spezzia?" he asked,

Sandro Quaranta-Sette, tumbling somewhat sleepily down from the box, guessed the distance at between eight and ten kilometres.

"A good road all the way?"

"As good as here, Signore."

"A straight road?"

"Not so very straight, Signore. No straighter than it is here."

"I mean, are there no cross-roads—no turnings? Does it lead direct to La Spezzia?"

"Direct, Signore. We go on and on, and down and down, always—and at the end we come to La Spezzia."

"Good. You may open the door. I will walk the rest of the way."

"Walk, Signore! So far—at this hour?"

Lord Brackenbury folded down the page he had last been reading, dropped his book into one of the carriage-pockets, and got out.

"You can drive on," he said. "I shall arrive soon after you. I am cramped and cold, and shall walk quickly."

"Nay, Signore, we had better go at the Signore's pace. It will pour again presently, and . . ."

Lord Brackenbury interrupted him impatiently.

"I am used to all weathers," he said; "and I cannot possibly lose my way."

Then, turning to his valet:—

"You will see that there are good fires in all the rooms, Prouting," he said, "and order dinner immediately. You may also enquire at the post-office for letters."

Mr. Prouting, who was preparing to follow his master, touched his hat, and hesitated. "Hain't I better walk also, my lord?" he asked.

"Certainly not. You will go forward, and have all ready by the time I come."

"But, Signore," expostulated the vetturino, "it is too dark—too late—too solitary!"

Lord Brackenbury turned upon him sharply.

"What do you mean by 'too solitary'?" he said. "You told me yesterday the roads were safe. Are they safe, or are they not safe?"

"Certainly, Signore—safe as the streets of Genoa. Yet for all that . . ."

Lord Brackenbury cut him short with a hasty gesture.

"Here, Prouting," he said, "you may give me the small revolver, though it is quite unnecessary. And now, my good fellow, drive on and get to La Spezzia as fast as you can."

So saying, he put the pistol in his breast-pocket, buttoned his overcoat to the throat, pulled his hat well down over his eyes, and prepared for a brisk walk.

Mr. Prouting and Sandro Quaranta-Sette scrambled back into their places, the post boys cracked their whips, and the carriage rattled off as before.

"He walks like a mountaineer, your mi-lordo Inglese," said Sandro Quaranta-Sette in the driving seat to Mr. Prouting in the rumble.

Mr. Prouting, comprehending the look though not the words, glanced back, and saw his master following at a rapid pace.

Then came a turn in the road, and presently, as Lord Brackenbury again emerged into sight, another turn; and after that they saw him no more.

Meanwhile the weather cleared. The mists broke, and a crimson flush flooded the western sky. Then Sandro Quaranta-Sette wrapped himself in his rug, and took up his nap at the point where it had been interrupted. Mr. Prouting, solicitous for his precious lungs, lit another cigar to keep out the damp. And so, to the dull bass of the torrent and the shrill treble of the wind in the tree-tops, the yellow calèche sped on through glowing sunset and fast-gathering twilight, leaving Lord Brackenbury farther behind with every turn of the wheels.

CHAPTER VI.

MI-LORD IS LATE

THE arrival of Sandro Quaranta-Sette with his four post-horses and his empty carriage created an unwonted excitement at the Hotel Croce di Malta; the Croce di Malta being at that time the only good hotel in La Spezzia, and La Spezzia but a small town at the head of a very beautiful and solitary bay, where there were neither dockyards, nor arsenals, nor ironclads, nor anything but splendour of sea and sky, and glory of mountains, and the memory of a poet's funeral pyre.

It was not that travellers were few or post-horses rare. It was that Sandro Quaranta-Sette was known to be a patron of the rival inn at Borghetto. Wherefore the twin-brothers Marco and Bruno Bernardo, who kept the Croce di Malta, hailed his appearance as indicative of a possible change of policy, and were profuse in their greetings accordingly.

If there was one customer whom they had especially coveted ever since taking the hotel, it was Sandro Quaranta-Sette. If there was one turn-out upon the road which they had admired more than another, it was the yellow calèche. To welcome that calèche to their stables, and Sandro to their hearth and cellar, had long been the one drop wanting to the cup of their prosperity.

And now, what happiness! he was come, bringing with him a mi-lord Inglese! Their best rooms, their choicest wines, everything they possessed, was at Signore Sandro's command. Mi-lord's valet? Mi-lord's luggage? Mi-lord himself? How? Following on foot? Alone? Heavens! What eccentricity! Ho, there, Giuseppe—Giannino—Pietro! This way—this way! Upstairs with mi-lord's luggage! Fires in every room of the first floor. Pile on the logs and the fir-cones—light the candles! Bid the cook prepare the best dinner he can send to table!

And now Signore Sandro and Signore Mi-lord's valet must come into the office and drink a bottle of the best!

Thus with "issini" in profusion, the twin landlords (big, burly, black-bearded young fellows both) welcomed Sandro Quaranta-Sette and Mr. Prouting; and all four enjoyed a pleasant quarter of an hour over their bottle.

Then Mr. Prouting went to the post-office; brought back a letter addressed in the well-known handwriting of "Mr. Lancelot," his master's brother; attended to the fires; and laid out a change of clothing against his lord's arrival.

These duties performed, he went down again and joined the idlers at the door—those inevitable idlers who hang about the doorway of every Italian country inn, one of whom is sure to be the apothecary and another the barber.

Hither also came Sandro Quaranta-Sette, having first seen to the housing and scrupulous cleansing of the yellow calèche; and with him two other vetturini whose travellers were staying at the hotel. Of their chatter, Mr. Prouting understood not one syllable; but they made way for him politely and looked pleasant; and they were at all events company.

"What weather!" said the barber, putting his head outside for a moment, and drawing it in again with a jerk. "It has begun to rain again."

"What weather!" echoed Sandro Quaranta-Sette, with a shrug and a shiver. "He gets a cold bath gratis to-night, our English Signore."

"The English love rain. It is their native element," said the apothecary, who was tall and thin and all in black, and wore a crape band to his hat, as if in memory of patients departed.

"They say it always rains in England," remarked one of the vetturini.

The apothecary shook his head. He was the learned man of the place.

"Not so," he said sententiously. "They divide their year in two seasons—seven months' rain and five months' fog. It is very dismal!"

"Oh, very dismal!" echoed everybody but Mr. Prouting.

"Then the blessed sun never shines at all over there," exclaimed the barber.

"By Bacchus! never. The rich Inglese come here to see it."

"So?—that accounts for the travellers we get. Well—I never knew that before."

The apothecary smiled loftily.

"All phenomena are simple when we know their causes and the laws by which they are governed," he said, wisely. Then turning to Sandro Quaranta-Sette, "Where did you leave your mi-lord, Signore Sandro?" he asked.

"About half-way between the old bridge and Grassi's mill."

"How long ago?"

Sandro looked at his watch.

"Well—longer than I had supposed. I was going to say an hour ago; but it must be quite an hour and a half. We parted company at half-past four o'clock."

The apothecary pulled out his watch; Mr. Prouting pulled out his; the two vetturini pulled out theirs; the barber, who had no watch, peeped into the office and looked at the clock over the mantelpiece.

"Past six," said the apothecary.

"It is not more than nine kilos from here to Grassi's mill," said the barber.

"A man must walk slowly, to be an hour and a half walking nine kilometres," said one of the vetturini.

Sandro Quaranta-Sette looked puzzled.

"He walks well," said he. "He walks fast. I should have thought he would be here before now."

Mr. Prouting looked from one to another of the speakers. He knew they were talking about his master.

"Surely my lord is late?" he said.

To which Sandro replied with his whole stock of English:—"All right."

"It may be all right, you know, and it may be all wrong," said Mr. Prouting, thinking of the diamonds in Lord Brackenbury's travelling belt. "Can my lord have missed his way?"

Sandro called Bruno Bernardo, the younger landlord, who had been a courier and spoke English.

He listened, looked grave, and declared that to miss one's way, there being neither cross-road nor turning, was impossible.

"It is not impossible to miss one's footing and fall into the torrent," said the apothecary, ominously.

"It is an accident that has never happened in my time," replied Bruno; "and I have known hundreds of darker evenings than this."

"A man must be blind to miss his footing between the old bridge and La Spezzia," said the vetturino who had last spoken. "It is one of the best roads in Italy."

"Have you many bad characters in these parts?" asked Mr. Prouting, his thoughts still turning to the diamonds.

"We have no brigands, if that is what you mean," said Bruno Bernardo. "But we are alarming ourselves for nothing. It was daylight when the Signore got out to walk, and it was not yet quite dark when the carriage stopped at this door. Nothing can possibly have happened. He will be here directly. Let us talk of something else."

They did talk of something else—of the Fête at Genoa; of the epidemic at Carrara; of the marriage of a certain Conte Cadolinghi at Sarzana; but the conversation soon flagged, and was followed by an uneasy silence.

"It is half-past six," said the barber presently.

"Then it is time we took lanterns and went to look for him," said Bruno Bernardo.

Some few minutes were spent in fetching the lanterns and putting in the candles. Meanwhile Sandro Quaranta-Sette looked out a strong rope, which he wound about his body. The others took staves and bludgeons, and the two Bernardi shouldered their fowling-pieces. Then, followed by all the men, boys, and stable-helpers about the place, they set out in the direction of the pass.

They had the mist and the wind at their backs; but it was so dark that, despite their lanterns, they could scarcely see their way for more than a couple of yards ahead. A disagreeable night even for those who carried lanterns and were familiar with every inch of the road; but worse for a stranger ignorant of the country, and travelling in the opposite direction.

"I had not thought it was so dark," said Sandro Quaranta-Sette.

The elder landlord shook his head.

"We ought to have had the lights out sooner," said the younger.

Their way led for some distance under the walls of a long succession of olive-gardens; the olive at La Spezzia, like the orange at Sorrento, being the staple growth of the place. Presently, as the valley narrowed, the rush of the torrent became audible; but neither the water below, nor the heights above, nor anything but the wet road and the rain-pools under their feet were visible in the glimmer of the lanterns.

At every hundred yards or so they paused—shouted—listened; then went on again; then stopped and shouted and listened as before. Tramping along thus; carrying their lanterns low; examining every foot of the road; pausing at every fancied sound; staring into the darkness on either side; now and then exchanging a hurried word of warning or misgiving; looking, and seeing nothing; listening and hearing nothing; getting more wet, more mucky, more anxious, more bewildered the farther they went and the later it grew, they came at last to the place called Grassi's mill, about a mile from the old bridge, and half-a-mile from the spot at which Lord Brackenbury alighted.

"He must be down yonder," said Sandro Quaranta-Sette, coming to a halt. "Something must have happened—a sprain, or a slip—and he found his way down to the mill."

Now the mill lay low by the torrent-side, a hundred feet or so below the level of the road. There were two ways of getting down to it; the one a rough cart-track, the other a steep but more direct footpath.

Mr. Prouting and the apothecary, not caring to damage their broadcloth among bushes and briars, went round by the cart-track. Sandro Quaranta-Sette, the brothers Bernardi, and the others, took the shorter way.

(To be continued)

MADAME ADELINA PATTI'S DIET is revealed by the *Parisian*. When she wakes in the morning she drinks a cup of chocolate, never opening her lips till the cup is empty, and then tries her voice by calling her maid, Caro, with all her might. On days when she has not to sing, Madame Patti eats plentifully of underdone meat, and is particularly fond of a certain garlic soup which has been invented especially for her benefit. When she is going to sing in the evening she breakfasts at eleven on eggs and meat, and about Bordeaux and seltzer water, sleeps for a couple of hours, and about four o'clock takes a ride, and on returning home practises for an hour. She takes no further heavy meal until her supper after the performance, but drinks some clear soup before going to the theatre.



I.

THE *Nineteenth Century* still retains its position at the head of our current literature, and no wonder. It opens with an article on "England as a Naval Power," by an ex-Lord of the Admiralty; and closes with one on "Russia and England," by an ex-Premier. Between these there is a mass of work by some of the leading men of the day, each one writing on a subject in which he is recognised *facile princeps*.—The talented author of the "History of Our Times," Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., contributes an admirable article on "The Common Sense of Home Rule;" and Mr. James Payn gives an equally clever one on "Sham Admiralty in Literature," in which the conversation between the young lady who considered "John Gilpin" and the "Mad Dog," uncommonly stupid until she read them by the light of Mr. Caldecott's inimitable illustrations, is amusingly told.—At the present moment, when the status of Special War Correspondents in the field is being so eagerly discussed in the House of Commons, when we have professional reputations recklessly attacked by amateur soldiers, it is well to hear a third side to a well-worn story. Mr. Forbes, who certainly ranks as king of modern correspondents, has recently given his views of this subject in this periodical, and now Lord Melgund boldly takes up the challenge, and meets the veteran scribe on his own ground. Lord Melgund's article is an admirable one, and he has certainly made out a good case for the necessity of imposing some restrictions on members of the Press. He is no amateur, writing of a subject in which he is not well posted, for the young Scotch nobleman gained his military training in the "Scots Guards," and since then has served through the Carlist, Russo-Turkish, and Afghanistan Campaigns, so he brings personal experience to bear on a subject which needs to be calmly and dispassionately discussed. Lord Melgund advocates a Press Censor in the field, and few unbiased men will be disposed to cavil at his dictum. If we err not, this is Lord Melgund's *début* as an author. He is evidently a thorough Elliot.

The *Contemporary* opens with a telling article on the "Mysteries of Administration in Turkey," in which the rottenness and corruption which infests that Empire are strikingly illustrated. The author, who wisely retains his anonymity, openly states that the Sultan is as guilty of malpractices as his Ministers, and gives as an instance the case of a recent concession which was purchased by a bribe of 20,000*l.* to the State, 12,000*l.* of which went to His Majesty direct.—Mr. Lethbridge, the "Press Commissioner" attached to the Government of India, contributes a valuable paper on "The Vernacular Press in India;" and the Duke of Argyll, not content with his voluminous pamphlets and recent speeches on the Afghan Question, returns to the charge with a powerfully-written attack, entitled "Ministerial Misstatements on the Afghan Question."

In the *Cornhill Magazine* Mr. Black's story, "White Wings: a Yachting Romance," is carried on. It is undoubtedly a very pretty story, but a marked similarity pervades all this author's works.—"Mademoiselle de Mersac" is concluded, and the interest carried on to the very end. Those who have failed to read the novel in its serial form should not hesitate to procure it now.—The "Philosophy of Drawing Rooms" is a well-written article, but the rest of this number calls for little remark.

Macmillan is ponderously heavy. "He that Will Not when he May" drags slowly on, but the final crash, though its nature has long since been divined, seems as far off as ever. A thoughtful review on Canon Ashwell's life of Bishop Wilberforce and some stanzas by Dean Stanley are the most noticeable features of the current number.

All the Year Round, as usual, contains a great deal of very good reading. Perhaps "The Duke's Children," by Anthony Trollope, and "Set in a Silver Sea," by B. L. Farjeon, are the most valuable contributions.

Temple Bar is somewhat below the average this month. One story, "A Peculiar Position," deserves warm commendation. A novel in five-and-twenty pages is a treat seldom met with, and this is one of the most charming little novels that has appeared in the pages of a magazine for some time.—The memoir of the young French artist, "Henri Regnault," is especially good, but, beyond these two contributions, there is not much that calls for remark.

Scribner's Monthly illustrated magazine is undoubtedly the cheapest shilling's-worth we know—not only is the letterpress excellent, but the illustrations are of a very high order, some in "The Tile Club Afloat" being most artistically executed and worthy of more permanent record.

Chambers' Journal contains an immense amount of readable matter; and *Time* still retains a good position among current periodicals.



DISEASE OF STOCK.—Considering how much is being done for the Irish agricultural tenantry, will some member ask whether the Government intend doing anything for the relief of the English farmers, some absolutely, hundreds partially, ruined in a couple of months through sheep-rot among their flocks? It is true that the English farmer has not brought his grievances "within the range of practical politics" by blowing down prison walls, or even by shooting a few local landlords. At the same time, a Government which prides themselves on being the "farmers' friends" are in office; they know that last harvest failures lost the English farmers over a hundred million pounds sterling, and now they must be aware that about half-a-million of money has been lost in the fields within the last few weeks, and that much greater losses will probably be experienced before the disease abates. The burden of taxation on afflicted districts has become intolerable. As to the prevention of the terrible sheep-disease now prevailing, remedies seem quite vain. Lambs, it is said, may be saved from developing disease-germs inherited from the ewes; but this is about all. A serious outbreak of pleuro-pneumonia has occurred near Tunbridge; but, the local authorities in this matter having acted with their accustomed promptitude, the spread of the contagion has probably been prevented.

SHROPSHIRE.—There are now for sale in this county two uncommonly fine estates, each of over one thousand acres. Considering that Shropshire is a county rather noted for the wealth and number of its landed gentry, it is somewhat curious that these two large estates should have got into the open market. One estate has appurtenant thereto a Church living, while the other is well stocked with game, so that dispositions both serious and lively may be satisfied.

DORSETSHIRE ORNITHOLOGY.—That rare bird the girl-bunting was taken on the 1st of January near Weymouth, in Dorset.

A HAMPSHIRE SUPERSTITION.—It is still commonly thought in parts of Hampshire that the disease of puckeridge, with which weaned calves are not unfrequently attacked, is caused by the ill-omened fern owl flying over the calves, and brushing them with its wings as it passes by. Disease follows inevitably from the fatal touch.

SPRING IN YORKSHIRE.—A gentleman writes from Whithy, stating that the cuckoo was both heard and seen in that neighbourhood during the last week of February. As, however, the gentleman in question did not himself hear or see the cuckoo, we must be excused if we give the news the same amount of credence which we attach to a ghostly apparition seen "by the friend of a friend."—Still, spring is now approaching, and before the present month is over we may expect to hear some first-hand report of the cuckoo being heard.

OTTERS IN NORFOLK.—A very large otter has recently been taken on the marshes adjoining the River Wensum, at Bylaigh, near East Dereham. This giant depredator of the waters weighed 28½ lbs. We do not keep records of heaviest weights, but, as far as our memory serves us, this is the biggest otter of which we have ever heard.

THE ENGLISH CART-HORSE SOCIETY.—This new but much-needed Association held its first exhibition this week, the Show taking place at the Agricultural Hall, and opening on Tuesday, when the Prince of Wales, the Patron of the Society, inspected the animals. The list of exhibitors was a very good one, including the Dukes of Beaufort and Westminster, the Earls of Ellesmere, Onslow, and Macclesfield, and Lord Hastings. The interest taken in the Society by most of the leading breeders in the country should assure a complete success to its energetic organisers.

A VETERAN.—At Buckland, in Devonshire, it has become necessary to move a yew in the churchyard. It is a splendid old tree, believed to be fully a thousand years old. The parishioners are making spirited efforts to move the tree without injuring it. We wish them good fortune in the attempt.

CURIOUS NATURAL HISTORY FACT.—Mr. Frank Buckland writes to a contemporary concerning the curious trapping of a stoat at West Felton, near Shrewsbury. The poor little animal had been trapped three times, each time extricating itself from the trap by deliberately gnawing off the trapped leg. How the determined little creature managed to live with only one hind leg, and to get about on it, is very enigmatical, seeing that the weasel tribe are purely carnivorous. The stoat, when finally captured, was in good condition, and the hair on the belly not being rubbed, Mr. Frank Buckland imagines the stoat to have got about walking upright on its tail and one hind leg. Ingenious as the theory is, we really find it rather beyond our powers of belief. The well-fed state of the stoat was curious, but we would venture a humbler solution than that of Mr. Frank Buckland's. The weasel tribe prey on comparatively large animals. They usually are very wasteful of food, sucking a little of one creature's blood, eating a small portion of the brains, and then going in pursuit of fresh game. This waste of food, however, need not always occur, and a wounded stoat might live for a good time on a single rabbit, or even large bird. We imagine that fortune must have favoured the mutilated stoat by bringing some good large prey across its place of hiding.

RISE IN THE PRICE OF CHEESE.—At the recent Cheshire Cheese Fair twenty tons of medium quality cheese were sold, prices gradually rising from 65*s.* to 85*s.* per cwt. This is a rise of a hundred per cent. on prices of five months since. Dear cheese is a misfortune for the country, especially for the agricultural labourer. Dearness, however, prevails more for certain varieties than for all sorts. Good American cheese is much dearer than it was last autumn, but is still purchasable at a moderate price.

AGRICULTURAL SEEDS are now cheap. Clover, alsylee, and trefoil have all given way in value. Sales are small and intermittent.

THE MALT TAX.—At the Norfolk Chamber of Agriculture on Saturday last Mr. Clare S. Read, M.P., moved "That the Malt Tax is contrary to every sound principle of taxation, and ought to be repealed." Mr. Read recommended in its place a tax on beer, and remarked that putting stamps on barrels before being sent out from the brewery, as was done in America, would enable farmers to use malt for feeding without prejudice to the public. The motion was carried without a dissentient voice. In the House of Commons on Monday night Mr. Chaplin gave notice of a resolution for the abolition of the Malt Tax, at the same time suggesting that the revenue might be compensated by a tax upon imported farm produce.

BEES.—On the 21st of February a few bees might be observed carrying a little pollen from the aconites, and on the following day several were to be seen in country gardens on the look-out for pollen or saccharine matter. A few found their way into houses, while others devoted themselves to the early snowdrops. Bees usually make an appearance in the garden before St. Valentine's Day.

TURNIPS AND CABBAGES.—Why do farmers almost invariably prefer turnips to cabbages? Cabbages are not usually a more risky crop as regards out-turn, they grow to a larger size than turnips, while, weight for weight, we believe that they are rather of higher than lower feeding quality.

THE HERALD OF A NEW SYSTEM.—An establishment for the sale of milk, cream, butter, eggs, and poultry has been opened at Norwich by a combination of neighbouring farmers. The shopmen are simply salaried servants, so that the expenses of the retail tradesman are to a considerable degree obviated, and the gain admits of being equally divided between the enterprising farmers and the benefitted public.

CURIOUS AGRARIAN OUTRAGE IN IRELAND.—On Thursday night seven acres of clover belonging to Major Vesey, Clonbern, Galway, were dug up so as to render them worthless as pasture land. It is estimated that at least two hundred men were engaged in this laborious and extraordinary form of outrage. With the serious aspect of the case—the perfect immunity enjoyed by the villains, their combination, and their number—we have not here to deal. We merely call attention to the truly Irish plan of working all night long simply to injure another, when two hundred men might by the same amount of labour have earned a good day's wages.



It is difficult to realise whether "Julian Cloughton," by Greville J. Chester, B.A. (Marcus Ward and Co.), is the history of a real character, or whether it is a novel. If the former, it is one of the most charming biographies it has been our good fortune to meet with for some time; if the latter, Mr. Chester must be congratulated on a real success. His selection of a secondary title is no less happy than his treatment of the subject. The book is in reality a tale of lad life in Norfolk, and the manner in which the wee boy's trials and troubles are depicted is graphic and tender to a degree. Julian's experiences in the choir are equally well described; the kind encouragement he receives at the hands of the old organist, Dr. Belton, is not less well told than the cruel conduct he met with from the old enthusiast's successor. The scene at Julian's mother's

death-bed, when the Swedish "Nightingale" displays her real character, is admirably drawn. Indeed, the whole book is charming and well worth reading.

"Moths," by Ouida (Chatto and Windus).—There are few modern writers who possess the facile pen of this powerful novelist; few who, having detected an abuse, can apply the lash of satire to its root with more effect than the talented lady who writes under the pseudonym of Ouida. There are, of course, hundreds to whom her very name will be sufficient cause for the book to be cast on one side; there are thousands who will be irresistibly attracted by it. Ouida always writes with a purpose, and here she mercilessly exposes modern society, and by exaggerating the evils which beset us, make them appear more hideous in their nakedness as seen through her glasses than when viewed through the more softening lenses of fashionable life. It is not the book to put into the hands of a girl, but nevertheless it points a moral, and we aver that no one, except the authoress, could have drawn such a vivid, even if exaggerated, picture of high life with all its sickening sins. "Moths" is an enthralling work.

"Ill Weeds," by Madame Foli (Remington and Co.), calls for little remark either in the way of praise or blame. The plot is intricate, but the interest is well sustained throughout. The characters, however, are neither very interesting nor very attractive, the young poet being an especially obnoxious specimen of the genus prig. The book will doubtless find many readers. If Madame Foli betrayed as much power in the delineation of her characters as in the construction of her plots, she would achieve a decided success in the field of novelists.

The name of "Holme Lee" on the title-page of a novel is sufficient recommendation as to its worth. "Mrs. Denys of Cote" (Smith, Elder, and Co.) is no exception to the rule. Brightly and pleasantly written, the author has, out of very slight material, woven a delightful story of English country life. The incidents are such as may happen to any one of us in his or her career, though, perhaps, the moral will be more appreciated by children than by parents, for Delia, who marries in defiance of the opposition of her parents and friends, finds in the *roué* she selects a kindly, faithful husband; in fact, the story fully illustrates the old saying, that it is best to choose a man who has sown his wild oats. We can cordially recommend "Mrs. Denys of Cote" as a book to be read.

Miss Craik would have done well had she compressed into two volumes her recently-published work, "Two Women" (Bentley and Son). Dorothy Wilmet, the heroine, who enchains our fancy, is truly a lovable woman, whilst Cicely Verner, the interloper of the second volume, is a worldly flirt whose character is just such an one to beguile a young University graduate, but who would be repellent to a man of the world. Hugh Ludlow, despite the meanness of which he is capable under the influence of Miss Verner, is a nice enough fellow. On the whole, the book is a pleasing one. It is healthy in tone and brightly written. Few can find much fault with it.

"A Doubting Heart," by Annie Keary (Macmillan and Co.).—The preface to the work disarms criticism, and even were it wanting we should be disposed to deal gently with any book which contained such a sweet, gentle, womanly character as Alma Rivers. There are many who will have read "A Doubting Heart" as it appeared in the pages of a periodical; to those who were not so fortunate we say—send for it.

A SAVAGE CLUB DINNER

OF all the literary, artistic, and dramatic clubs in London perhaps the best known is the Savage. This arises, doubtless, from the many distinguished men it numbers among its members, and from its reputation for hospitality at its weekly convivial meetings, when the Savages entertain eminent literary men and artists from all parts of the world. Says the late Andrew Halliday in the preface to the first volume of the "Savage Club Papers, 1868":—"It is a source of pride to us to know that an affectionate remembrance of these friendly reunions has been carried away to many distant lands, and that our savage name has become a passport to favour wherever literature and civilisation are to be found."

The Savage Club was instituted some twenty-three years since by a small band of authors, artists, and journalists for the same reasons that Dr. Johnson and his friends founded the Literary Club, and it has steadily increased in numbers and prosperity till at the present time there are nearly 300 members. The qualification for admission is to be "a worker in Literature, Art, Music, or the Drama, and a good fellow." This rule is strictly enforced. Much discussion has arisen in the journals as to the origin of the name. Its origin is given in the Savage Club papers. In the early days of the club, when the question of a title was mooted, many names were suggested, the "Addison," the "Johnson," &c., finally, "The Shakespeare." The late Robert Brough protested against such high-sounding titles. "Don't let us be pretentious," said he. "If we must have a name let it be a modest one—one that signifies as little as possible."

A member in the pure spirit of wantonness called out "The Savage!"

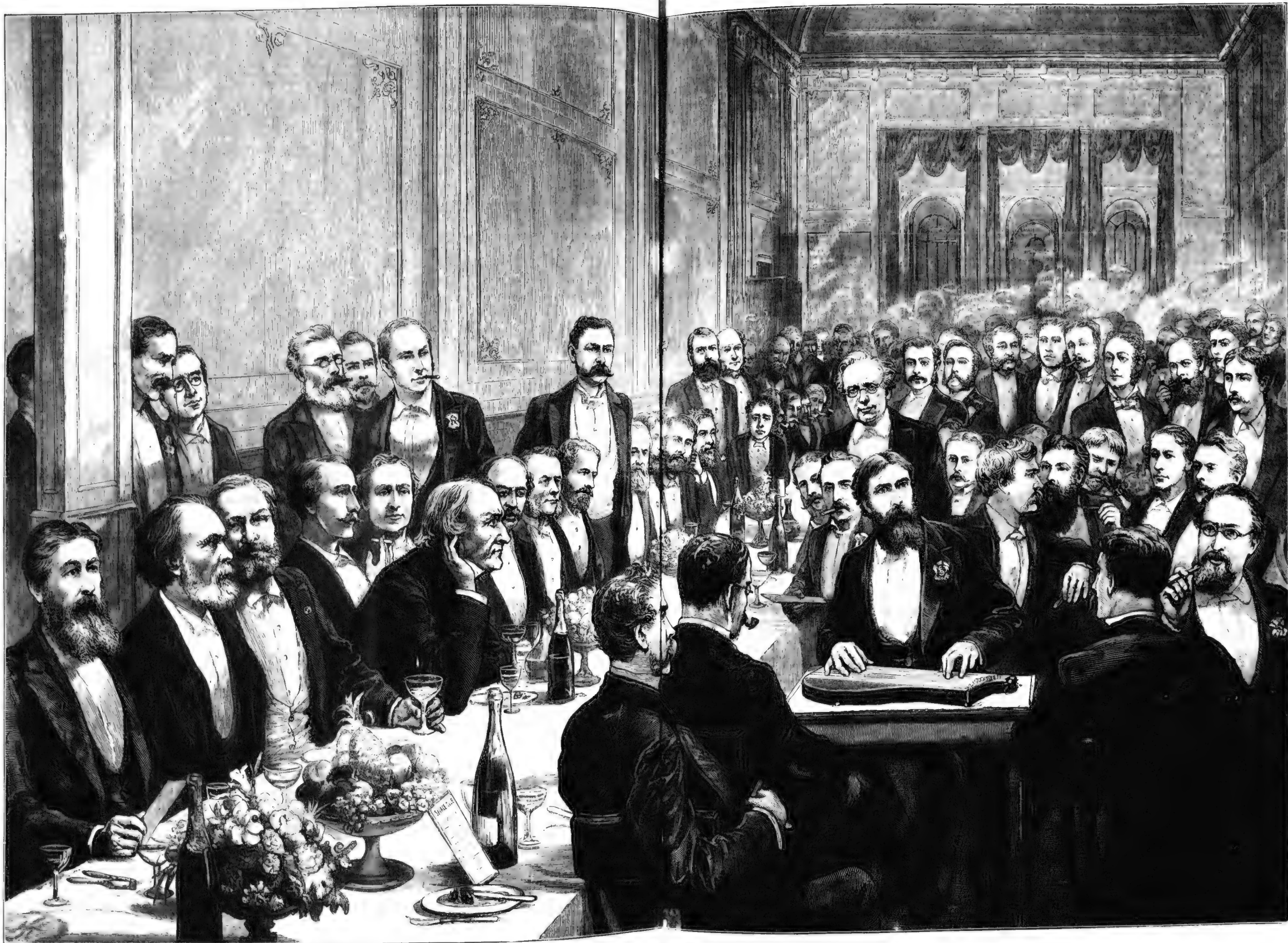
"The very thing!" said Robert Brough. "No one can say there is anything pretentious in assuming that name. If we accept Richard Savage as our godfather, it shows that there is no pride about us; if we mean that we are *Savvi*, why then it will be a pleasant surprise for those who may join us to find the wigwam a *lucus a non lucendo*."

The members of the club occasionally give dramatic performances in aid of charitable objects. At one given in aid of the Lancashire Cotton Famine about 900*l.* was raised, the Queen, the late Prince Consort, and other members of the Royal family being present at the entertainment. A performance in aid of the Irish Fund is now being prepared.

At their last annual dinner represented in our engraving, held at the Pall Mall Restaurant, the Earl of Dunraven (a member of the club) presided, supported on his right by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., and M. E. Aubert, on his left by M. Got and Sir J. Benedict. Among other guests and members who were present, we may mention Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M.P., Sir P. O'Brien, M.P., Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., Mr. J. C. Horsley, R.A., Prof. Armitage, R.A., Mr. Hubert Herkomer, A.R.A., P. R. Morris, A.R.A., Monsignor Capel, Mr. Frederick Locker, Mr. H. J. Byron, Mr. Theodore Martin, C.B., M. Delafnay, M. Mounet-Sully, Mr. W. L. Thomas, Mr. Charles Dickens, Captain Fielden, R.A., Mr. William Black, Mr. G. Manville Fenn, Mr. George Grossmith, Sen., and Mr. George Grossmith, Jun., Messrs. Arthur Mathison, E. J. Odell, L. D. Powles, C. B. Birch, W. Hughes, Wallis Mackay, Pelham-Taunton, Dr. Vellere, E. J. Gregory, E. J. Goodman, J. Drew Gay, G. S. Jealous, G. Wheeler, R. S. Fraser, Baker Green, Chas. Green, Fred. Barnard, Edward Draper, E. G. Ravenstein, C. M. Rae, H. M. Lewis, Bronson Howard, E. Righton, Harrison Weir, F. Cowen, and others.

The moment chosen for the drawing is when Mr. H. Herkomer, A.R.A., is singing "Annen von Tharau," and accompanying himself on the zither. Mr. Gladstone spoke for Literature, Mr. Horsley for Art, Sir J. Benedict for Music, and Mr. H. J. Byron for the drama. French Literature and the French Drama was proposed in French by Mr. Henri Van Laun, and responded to by M. Aubert and M. Got. "The Visitors" being proposed by Mr. C. Dickens, and replied to by Mgr. Capel. Various songs and recitations were also given, Sir J. Benedict playing a solo on the pianoforte, and the company separated soon after eleven o'clock.

HERBERT JOHNSON



A SAVAGE CLUB DINNER - A PORTRAIT GROUP



THOSE of our readers who provided their winter costumes in November will perceive that they look very shabby when the sun begins to shine, yet it is, and will be for some weeks to come, too cold to wear spring clothing. Economically-disposed people cannot do better than provide one or more new costumes of warm materials which come in very nicely in the autumn holiday season when money is wanted for other purposes. For an ordinary walking dress we can recommend a new material just now brought out by a leading West End tailor; it is a cloth made of feathers, pigeons, turkey, and chicken, tightly woven together; the effect is very novel, it gives a downy soft look to the material which increases with wear. The colours are of a sombre shade, such as creamy stone, greyish drab, and brown; very stylish costumes may be made from this cloth trimmed with warm coloured velvets, velveteen, or plush, with hats to match. For more dressy occasions a novelty comes from Paris. It is called satin cashmere; it is made of wool with a bright satin surface; this material is somewhat costly, but will doubtless soon go down in price. A very elegant costume for a wedding or *matinée* may be made thus: prune satin cashmere skirt with fine pleated flounces, a Reynolds coat with plush lapels opening over an embossed silk long waistcoat of the same colour or of Pompadour silk, hat or bonnet to match. The same style of costume may be made in less costly materials, such as vicuna cloth, camel's hair, poplin, velveteen, and silk. The Jersey costumes are still much worn, and do not become one figure in twenty, if the wearer be thin and shapeless she looks like a hop-pole, if stout the result is still worse; in fact the Venus de Medicis would have looked clumsy in one. The only time when they should be worn is on board a yacht, made of dark blue; for evening dress in flesh pink or any light colour they are most unbecoming and ungraceful. There is quite a mania for tailor-made dresses, which it must be confessed generally are cut and fitted to perfection; this is partly owing to the fact that tailor-made bodies are cut with thirteen seams at the back, one down the centre and six on each side. Satin and poplin are the popular rivals this season. We have seen some charming dresses from Paris of black satin and jet. One was made with a close-fitting satin skirt and cuirass bodice, a tablier of cut jet beads, collar, epaulettes, and cuffs to match, as did also the bonnet, in which was a bouquet of crystallised violets. Another black satin dress, for dinner, was made with a square train, and trimmed with marabout feathers, instead of sleeves were jet shoulder straps. By the way, short sleeves and no sleeves are fashionable with square half high, and even quite high, bodices: it is a pleasure to see pretty arms once again. There is a great variety in the form and trimming of sleeves: for velvet or cloth they are made quite tight, fastened from the waist to the elbow with seven buttons, in that case the gloves are worn over the sleeves. Sometimes they are puffed and slashed; the elbow sleeve has not gone out, and is very pretty when finished off with a ruffle of real lace.

Some of our readers may not be aware that there are three sorts of poplin, single, double, and terry. The only difference in the two first named is that of the thickness of the silk warp, whilst the third is made of a richly corded silk; like terry velvet, it is the same on both sides. The terry poplin made in tartan patterns, when really of genuine Irish manufacture, is well adapted for making children's dresses, as it is very durable and rarely fades, so that it can be cleaned again and again. Poplin combines well with plush, satin, velvet, in fact with almost any material. Our Queen has expressed a wish that poplin may be worn on state and other occasions, so assuredly it will be fashionable throughout this season. A very pretty home dress came from Paris made thus: Havannah brown camel's hair short skirt, with two narrow flounces on the hem, the front breadth trimmed with fringe and a gimp heading beaded with brown cut beads, tunic made in deep points and edged with beaded gimp, a plain brown velvet jacket, with a jabot of Mechlin lace.

At this season the cashmere shawl is sure to make its appearance in Paris, and certainly, when worn by a Frenchwoman it is not merely a comfortable wrap but an elegant drapery, it is very strange that an Englishwoman seldom looks well in a shawl, and therefore wisely avoids wearing one, excepting it be of lace or china crape. As yet the spring mantles are not decided upon—the dolman and *visite* are mostly worn. The newest bonnets are made of Leghorn, Tuscan, and other yellow straws, the diadem shapes which are so generally becoming are much worn, as are the close fitting *toque* to match the dress. Care should be taken in choosing a bonnet that the shape is suitable for the style in which the hair is worn. The fashionable colour of the season is heliotrope, a peculiar red purple which we see in the full blown flower; Turkey red still keeps its hold, but it is likely to be superseded by mauve.

We must not fail to mention the *diners costumés*, which are amongst the novelties of the day. The head only is dressed in a fantastical manner, the more eccentric the better; the rest of the costume is evening dress. By way of a change, and to make a dull party animated, this idea is not bad, but it will soon become a bore. Artificial flowers are positively massed on evening dresses, too often very much overdone, and suggestive of a Jack-in-the-Green. Far more graceful is the Spanish fashion, adopted by many women of taste, a deep-coloured or white rose placed low at the side of the head, and one to match on the bodice.

Hand-painting on silk, satin, china, and terra cotta is quite a speciality of the toilette. A skilful artist may by her own industry provide all the elegancies necessary for a fashionable costume. She may paint on her satin shoes, if black, a spray of lilies of the valley, a wreath of the same on her scarf sash and the ends of her bows, round the tops and on the backs of her black kid gloves. Any other small flower may be chosen according to the colour of the dress.

Amongst the fashionable revivals is that of gold nets, made with large open meshes, which artistic authorities have decreed may be worn by golden-haired blondes—a mixture unheard of in times of yore. These coquettish little nets are bordered with a fringe of pearl beads or golden sequins, and secured with a pearl-headed arrow; with short curly hair they are very becoming. The costly and brilliant trimmings of multi-coloured beads, black or white jet, pearls, &c., worked on chenille, together with gimps and fringes of the richest combinations, are beyond not only description but the limits of any moderate purse, so we can only leave them to the favoured few who can afford to pay for them.

THE DISTRESS IN THE WEST OF IRELAND

STRANGE as it may appear, there are persons in Ireland, Irishmen, too, who doubt, or pretend to doubt, the existence of any distress. There are many discussions on the subject in the coffee-rooms of hotels. In one in which I stayed the question was mooted, and the poor found a zealous advocate in the waiter. He spoke feelingly, being a farmer in a small way himself. His bit of land had only produced a fourth part of what had been expected of it in potatoes.

I heard on all sides that it took a man from early morning till sundown to dig enough potatoes for a single meal for his family, so scanty was the crop.

A boy was seen one morning digging over a patch in search of a few potatoes which might have been overlooked in the picking up. Surely nothing but severe hunger would drive a boy to that on an icy December morning.

On entering a cabin I found the family at breakfast. The potatoes, boiled in their "jackets," were simply turned out on the tables; there were no plates, and but one jug for the use of all.

The father informed me that this was among the last meals he would be able to provide from his stock. The tubers were very small, and many of them quite black.

Not far from this place, I found a party of men engaged in building a turf dyke by the roadside. It was a kind of forced labour, as they were doing it without wages in order to pay off arrears of rent. Some of these poor fellows had but one scanty meal in the day. They certainly did not look very cheerful over their task. One or two of them were so-called "Jumpers." "A Jumper" is one who renounces his Catholicism for the sake of gaining some advantage thereby. There is in the Clifden district an active proselytising movement going on by the "Irish Church Missions," which is the cause of much heartburning among the population.

A great many of the poor people, I am afraid, are not very sincere in their religious belief, and are ready to turn any way for food and clothing.

In the Catholic part of the population a few words from the altar at these times are eagerly listened to, for it is at Mass that the congregation are told of what is being done for the relief of the poor and starving. In the Clifden Chapel, which is not quite finished, on Sunday morning after Mass there is a general rush of the congregation to the altar, the better to hear what falls from the lips of the aged dean, who certainly speaks to the purpose.

"I can't kape them down, sorr," said the barefooted, unkempt servant girl at the priest's house. There was a hungry company at her back, crowding up the staircase, praying for help.

The poor priests have scarcely necessities for themselves, and certainly no luxuries. Even a few minutes of peace is denied them.

J. R. BROWN



HERR EISNER is quite right in assuming, in the preface to "The German Declensions, a Practical Course, with a Synopsis of Strong and Irregular Verbs" (Williams and Norgate), that German inflections are the great *crux* for English students. We hope that when the Phonetic system makes its way (we are told it has begun to do so) among our Teutonic cousins, much of this inflectional worry may be got rid of. Meanwhile those who have to learn German must master them, and they could scarcely have a better practical help in doing so than that which Herr Eisner has provided. The German child is accustomed to inflections from the very first; if we can make the English child take somewhat the same view of the situation much after-labour will be saved. This Herr Eisner has tried to do; and our glance at his book confirms his experience that his method is a good one.

Mr. George Glenny thinks that, by carefully watching once or twice how a thoroughly good gardener does each several thing, the amateur may learn how to guide an unskilled labourer so as to make the garden profitable as well as enjoyable. We fear he overrates both the aptness of the average amateur and the willingness of the gardener to be watched. Nevertheless, in "A Year's Work in Garden and Greenhouse" (Chatto and Windus), he gives us a thoroughly practical and useful handbook. He apologises for dwelling unduly on some subjects; amateurs (he says) may wish to astonish their friends by going in for specialities. The apology is needless, for he has certainly not neglected ordinary matters. His recipes, his hints on grafting, inarching, pruning, destroying vermin, &c., are commendably terse, and yet fully sufficient. What he says about annuals in pots is very good; but best of all are his remarks on flower beds in September, and how to make them look decent after a sharp frost. The book is one of the best of its class.

On less than 150 leaves, four inches by three, some of them paper some of them vellum, Thomas Haemmerlein, of Kempen in the diocese of Cologne, one of the Canons regular of the Austin Friary of Mount St. Agnes near Zwolle on the Yssel, copied out the well-known work that goes by his name. Of this copy, "The Imitation of Christ," with an introduction by Charles Ruelens, Keeper of the MSS., Royal Library, Brussels (Elliot Stock), is a reproduction in *fac-simile*, and Messrs. Stock deserve great credit for having, in spite of many hindrances, achieved a great photographic triumph. The book has been delayed by a series of accidents; a fire at the printer's destroyed twenty-five electro blocks, the Dutch paper was twice spoiled (once owing to the heat of last summer—Holland must have been in a different climatic zone from ours); the darkness of the Brussels Library made the available days few. But all difficulties were successfully overcome, and the result is a marvel of clearness and beauty, giving us the clear handwriting of Thomas à Kempis, no longer dim and discoloured as in the original MS., bound, too, in strictly contemporary style. In the Brussels MS., along with the *De Imitatione*, are several other treatises, "On Monastic Discipline," &c.; and the whole forms one homogeneous book, at the end of which is the attestation:—"Finitus et completus Anno Domini MCCCXLI. per manus fratris thome Kempis in monte sancte Agnetis prope Zwollis." As to the handwriting being the same throughout, M. Ruelens tells us there has never been any doubt. The question is: was the otherwise unknown Thomas à Kempis the author of a work so immensely popular that, before the year 1500, it had gone through eighty editions, or was he only the transcriber? Dr. Carl Hirsche of Hamburg, after careful study of the Brussels MS., decides for the former view. The punctuation in Thomas's undoubted works is very peculiar, indicating not only the limits of the grammatical propositions, but also their rhythm. This rhythmical style (which was largely used by Groote, Ruysbroek, and other mystics) was with Thomas a complete and studied system, and he uses it in the MS. of the *De Imitatione* exactly as in his undoubted treatises. "Listen" (says M. Ruelens) "to a Netherlander reading a passage, and you will recognise the existence of a decided melody sought after by the author." This beautiful little volume will enable bibliographers to study for themselves the rhythmical punctuation which adds a great charm to the style of this prince of mystics.

Such an interesting and amusing book as "Life and Society in America," by Samuel Phillips Day (Newman and Co., Hart Street, Oxford Street) is sure to find plenty of readers. Nor will any one who takes it up lay it down without profit as well as pleasure. It tells us about hotels and boarding houses—those bane of family life, about popular preachers, and mediums, and free love, and tipping; besides taking us to Boston, and Washington, and Utah, and Philadelphia. This last, much shrunken from Penn's too magnificent design, is characterised as "the City of Homes" because there are in it no tenement houses. Penn's house, close to the Park, is going to ruin; he is eclipsed by Stephen Girard, Bordeaux casino boy and States banker. Penn strangely combined the

mystic with the practical organiser. Mr. Day gives a lively sketch of his career—reading hard instead of taking his pleasure in Paris; whither the ambitious Admiral had sent him to cure him of Quakerism; managing the Cork estate as well as by and by he managed his colony; writing "no Cross no Crown" in the Tower; getting Sylvania (to which the Secretary of State insisted on prefixing Penn) in lieu of his father's claim on the crown; counting 7,000 colonists within two years from first starting. Mr. Day by no means flatters the Americans; doubtless he thinks, with Dickens, that, having started on such high principles, they are bound to keep well above the European level. The New York trameases, if cheap, are nasty. On trance mediums and others of the Sludge genus it is impossible to be too hard; Mr. Day does not spare them. Nor is he pleased with the popular preachers. Dr. Ward Beecher's sermon he finds shocking in delivery, and below mediocrity in subject-matter and arrangement, although enlivened with sentences like this: "Some say lawyers can't go to heaven. It's a lie. Some say merchants can't go to heaven. It's a lie," each sentence being emphasised with a violent stamp of the foot. There are some surprises in the book. We know the Americans are etiquette, but we could not have imagined Emerson declining an invitation to dinner because he had no dress coat with him. Mormon women, we had often heard, are ugly; but that a "porter-house steak" costs 5s., and that New York meat is not only very inferior, but very badly cooked, was news to us. American editors have wonderful privileges; in many places they get their food and clothing gratis in return for "personal" articles; but Mr. Day rightly denounces their laxness in admitting advertisements like this: "Young lady, short, flowing hair, please grant interview to young gentleman who crossed at Dunn Street." The book ought to be studied by all who want to see the shadows as well as the lights of American society.

PAYMENT OF JURYMEN.—An endeavour is being made in Manchester to bring to an issue the vexed question,—Shall jurymen be paid for their services? A printed appeal is being freely circulated amongst that class of persons most liable to be affected by the assumed injustice of non-payment, and they are called on to join "The National Jury System Reform Association," and to set the stone rolling that sooner or later shall crush out the abuse. There can be no doubt that considerable hardship and inconvenience is occasionally inflicted on individuals who can but ill spare the loss of a day, or several days, from their trade or occupation, and it would be an improvement on the existing state of things if a system could be invented that should give universal satisfaction. It is only natural that a person of limited means should demur to being compelled to make substantial pecuniary sacrifice for the benefit of the nation at large. At the same time it is to be hoped that the National Jury System Reform Association somewhat exaggerates the case when it says, "No wonder verdicts are sometimes ridiculous, when the minds of jurors are chafing under a sense of injustice, and distracted with anxiety about their business." The jurymen who is rendered incapable of a calm consideration of the evidence before him, and who is in danger of taking a ridiculous view of the whole matter under consideration, because, being a baker, his mind is in the dough-trough, or as a butcher, he is mentally disturbed respecting certain sheep awaiting slaughter, is surely unfit to sit in a jury-box—the question of payment set aside. Whatever plan were adopted there would always be difficulties, and it is doubtful whether payment would prove efficacious in smoothing the troubled waters. The idea appears to be a fixed rate of remuneration, but at what point is its standard to be fixed? The working man would be content to receive five shillings, say, for a short day of from ten until four—whereas the prosperous shopkeeper or the manufacturer, whose personal supervision is necessary to the proper conduct of his business, would certainly not be overpaid at a guinea, and the latter might justifiably contend that in giving the carpenter five shillings and him a similar sum, you do him injustice to the amount of sixteen shillings. And taking the other side of the argument, to fix the payment at a guinea would be to open the door for connivance and corruption. To be sure jurors might be permitted to assess the value of their individual service, but this would necessitate the employment of arbitrators and referees, and there would be more trouble with jurymen than with those they were called on to try. It would be better, perhaps, to provide payment for those jurymen who desired it, but to have no fixed rate. There are hundreds of men to whom a tender of payment would be objectionable. Let such give their free services and welcome, while at the same time there might be a fund to which poorer jurymen might successfully appeal for costs out of pocket.

PROVIDENT DISPENSARIES.—Under the auspices of a newly projected institution entitled "The Metropolitan Provident Dispensaries Association," a Provisional Committee have just issued some particulars of its scheme of operation. The idea is to establish in various parts of the metropolis medical dispensaries on a novel and improved principle. The erection and furnishing so many suitable buildings in London will, of course, incur a heavy expense, but it is anticipated that, on something akin to the co-operative plan, a rate of payment suitable to the means of the great body of the industrial classes will tend to a state of things satisfactory to patient, doctor, and all concerned. The Association invites as its customers "persons of every class who are intermediate between those who can pay the ordinary professional fees, and the pauper whose medical treatment is provided for by the Poor Law," but it frankly confesses that its hopes mainly rest on the existing Friendly Societies, such as the Foresters, the Odd Fellows, &c., the "branches" of which in London alone are said to number nearly a thousand, and to include as members "about half the working population of the metropolis." Under the existing state of affairs, to each "branch" is attached a "club doctor" whose services are at the command of the society members of the district. It is suggested that the governing powers of these Friendly Societies cannot fail to see their advantage in preferring the new plan to the old, and it is expected that they will recommend it to their members, and so the projected Association will get a fair start. And in one respect at least, provided the change may be made with no serious increase of expenditure, the dispensary should find favour in the eyes of the provident "Odd Fellow." He will have the privilege of choice amongst, say, half-a-dozen medical men comprising the staff, and moreover the selected M.D. becomes his "family doctor," and attends his wife and children, whereas the "club doctor" has no concern beyond the member himself. It is to be feared, however, that the temptation held out to local talent to enrol themselves as dispensary doctors is hardly so great as to be irresistible. Their pay is to depend on the number of dispensary subscribers who enrol themselves under his, the M.D.'s, name. "A fixed proportion of the sums paid by the members is to be transferred to them at the end of every quarter in addition to their midwifery fees, with a contingent interest in any net surplus there may be after the annual accounts are made up." On the whole it is a stupendous undertaking, and aims at a huge measure of reform. It appears, however, to be favoured by men of position and eminence, and may become an accomplished fact. No doubt there are hundreds of persons who would gladly avail themselves of the Provident Dispensary; individuals who are too poor to employ a private doctor, and who have no alternative (except the parish dispenser) but to become an hospital out-patient, with all the attendant wearisome waste of time, to say nothing of the positive danger of waiting "their turn" in a crowded and infectious room.

MODERN GHOSTS

MUCH as St. Patrick expelled snakes from Ireland, telegraphs and Education Acts are in a fair way of exorcising our ghosts. In the more populous and politer parts of the land they are seldom heard of, and must be in evil case. A few maintain a precarious vitality in the farthest parts of the country, and appear to be of the orthodox hollow and ashy semblance when they "break their paved beds." Doubtless these may be heard of in the Lewes, in Sutherlandshire, and in the darker parts of Cornwall. Indeed the prospects of the country at large, trade and farming in particular, have been so bad that even ghosts share in the general dullness. They are in danger of being wholly disregarded; partly because of the very palpable theatrical ghosts which have been ushered on the stage in such plays as *The Corsican Brothers* and the Pantomimes; partly because of the encroachments of the American spiritual kindred, their puerile rappings and writings, and the discredit thus brought upon the whole family. Mr. Pepper too has poured much contempt upon the old-fashioned belief, and we should not wonder were a ghost, an "honest ghost," to show himself near the Polytechnic, that such is the hardness of modern science, the *employés*, far from being frightened, would beg him to wait until he could be photographed. In the good old times it was nothing unusual for ghosts to take to night-wandering ways until they started like "guilty things upon a fearful summons" at cock-crow. They are much quieter now; indeed revisiting the glimpses of the moon must be somewhat dismal employment in this century. Country bumpkins are not now afraid of them till All Hallowe'en. Occasionally in the dull season one is pleased to enliven a neighbourhood where an enterprising penny-a-liner lives, and he is seen at nightfall peering from the window of an empty villa, or heard kicking trenchers down the passage of a haunted house in the suburbs, which has been for several generations in Chancery. But it is the opinion of the learned that the "ashes of the perfumes" wherewith Tobias caused the evil spirit to flee into the utmost parts of Egypt were really tobacco; and it is conceivable that the enormous consumption of it at present exercises a deterrent effect upon ghosts. No one now ever sees a ghost by day, though it is certain that dogs and horses (both of them animals wonderfully susceptible to the presence of spirits) frequently shy and break into a perspiration unaccountably on passing certain cross-roads and other spots of ill-fame. A great authority lays it down that some audacious spirits were wont to become visible by day, but these, he adds, were mostly ghosts which had been laid in the Red Sea whose terms of confinement had expired, and which are then said to return more bold and troublesome than before. In the seventeenth century their visits were much more frequent. Goldsmith depicts the lady of the period relating stories of spirits at breakfast, "several of which she herself had seen, and one of which she was reported to have killed with a black-hafted knife." Our grandmothers in much later times knew a great deal more about ghosts than do their degenerate descendants.

If express trains and gas render night distasteful at present to orthodox ghosts, their position in the literature of the century is equally pitiable. Time was when Reginald Scot was intimate with multitudes, and related their histories to all the leaders of the day. Honest Glanvil too, Charles the Second's chaplain and an F.R.S., did not deem it below his dignity to busy himself with their lives and appearances, and to rebuke the Sadducees of his time. Many a brown-covered quarto contained ghost-lore, and is now locked up as a valued possession in the scholar's library. But at present, save in a sensational novel, a ghost cannot enter the realm of literature. Curiously enough too, whereas we know on Shakespeare's authority that no ghost can walk on Christmas Eve, their most frequent appearance in these days is in a Christmas Number.

Again, it used to be a principle in ghost-lore that no spirit could address a person until he plucked up courage to ask him his reason for troubling him. Hamlet knew this part of ghostly etiquette; not so the purveyors of Christmas horrors. Their ghosts are often rude enough to speak before they are spoken to. Nor are intruding ghosts properly laid in these ignorant times. Frequently the hero, sometimes the heroine, of the love-story succeeds in doing so by a few promises, or a threat of calling in the police. The orthodox method of laying a ghost is described by our authorities as being always a Latin formula, "a language that strikes the most audacious ghost with terror;" two or three clergyman must officiate, never a layman, and if the intruding spirit is to be most effectually laid it must be relegated to the Red Sea; "an infinite number laid there, and neither history nor tradition gives us any instance of ghosts escaping or returning from this transportation before their time."

Infinitely frivolous, too, are the excuses which ghosts now assign for restlessness. In old days they always returned to earth for some good and definite reason. The click of a revolver or a policeman's bull's-eye at once causes them now to vanish into thin air without leaving a trace of their uncanny nature behind. In old days most well-mannered ghosts regarded it *en règle* to disappear with "a curious perfume and melodious twang;" at any rate with a strong smell of brimstone. Aubrey puts it on record that one

facetious ghost who had erstwhile been a Laird Bocconi appeared to Lord Middleton, when taken prisoner after Worcester fight, and disappeared in a slightly indecorous fashion; "when he had done his message, he gave a frisk, and said:

Givenni, Givanni, 'tis very strange,
In the world to see so sudden a change,

and then gathered up and vanished." Compare with this frolicksome spirit the poor sapless ghosts which occasionally appear in the corners of country newspapers, the letters of London correspondents, and the like. As well might a colour-sergeant of the Horse Marines be contrasted with Sir Launcelot. Ghosts nowadays never seem to appear for a moral purpose as they have done in several well-known instances of old. They never come to tell of a treasure, or if they do, the finders are singularly reticent on the point. They never are disquieted on account of inadequate lodging at present, and troubled until they reveal to some terrified confidant where their bones lie,



"STRAYS"

FROM THE PICTURE BY HORACE H. CAUBY IN THE WINTER EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS

and the need they feel of more decent sepulture. This is a gratifying testimony to the immunity of the land from crimes of violence. Perhaps the discomfiture of the last most celebrated ghost who promised to detect an enormous crime, the Cock Lane Ghost of 1762, but was discredited by Dr. Johnson and others taking the trouble to visit the vaults under St. John's, Clerkenwell, at one A.M., has deterred them. This incredulous generation in all probability would not recognise a ghost did one appear, and would deem it a display of the electric light, a creation of the magic lantern, or the like. On the authority of Dr. Johnson we can tell it what a ghost would resemble. Old Mr. Edward Cave, the bookseller, had actually seen an apparition, and on Boswell asking the Doctor what it was like, he was told (in appropriately vague terms), "Why, sir, something of a shadowy being." To be more precise Glanvil informs us of one who had the honour of being allowed to lift a ghost, and pronounced that it was like lifting a bag of feathers! It is a melancholy descent for respectable ghosts to have to betake themselves to terrifying maidens at Christmas and make the hair of knaves and bumpkins stand on end; yet such seems their mission if the magazines and papers of the day are to be believed. They have lost caste in the eyes of friends by condescending, like their American brotherhood, who are after all mere *parvenus* compared with our Mediæval ghosts, to rap and play banjos, to move

mediums through the air in comfortable armchairs, and assist at all the chicanery of guinea *séances*. It is a pity that they have given up the traditional white sheets, saucer eyes, and a Will-o'-the-Wisp-like mode of progression; but having done so, they cannot complain if Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke show themselves more skilled adepts in the modern line of business.

BOHEMIANS

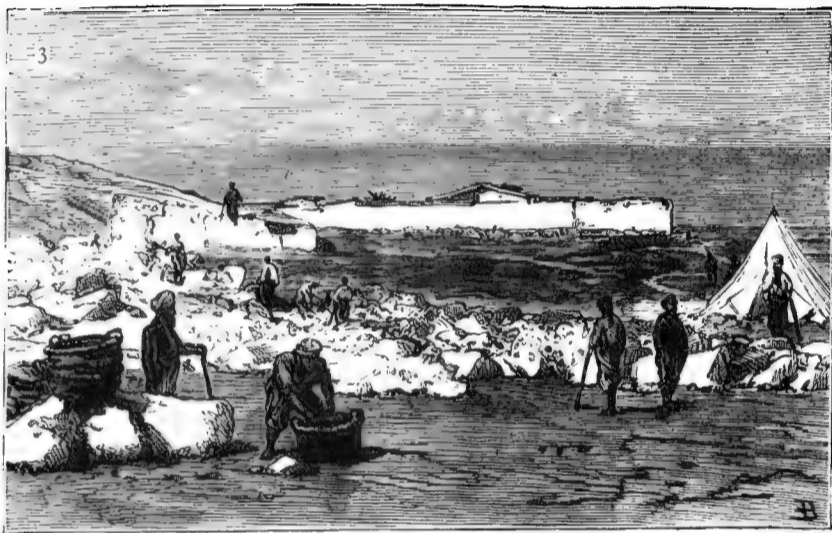
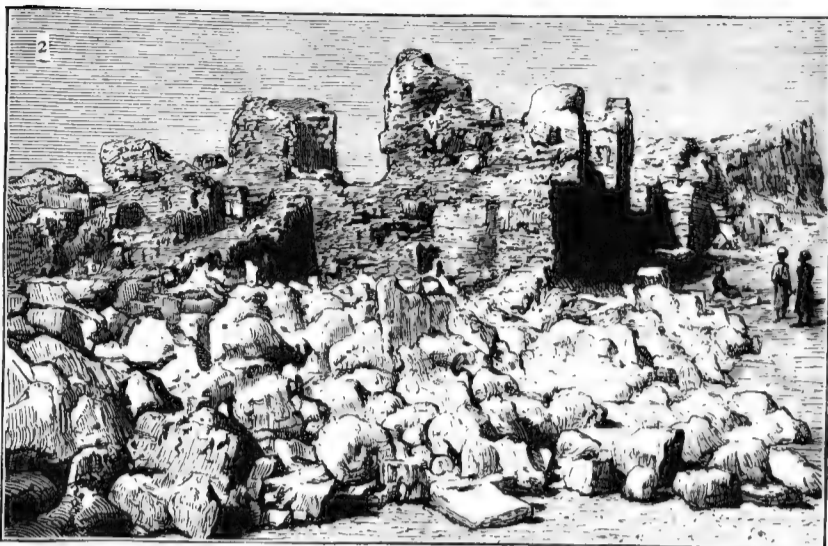
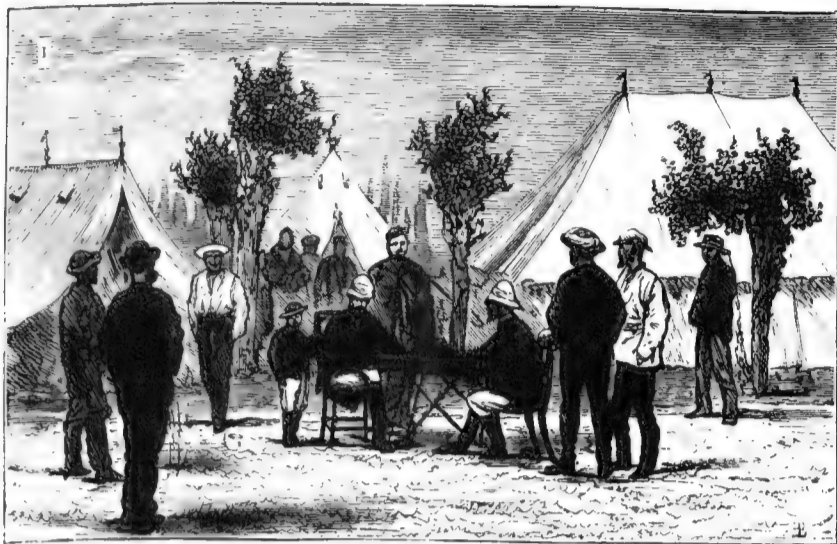
WHAT a debt we owe to France for the innumerable words expressive of phases of social life and grades of social status which we have borrowed from their overflowing and expressive vocabulary! There are many states of mind and many characteristics of modern society, which though often felt and witnessed are not to be uttered in English save in roundabout ways which dissipate all the force of the idea to be conveyed. Who, for example, could communicate to another that feeling not of languor, not of disgust, not of ill-temper, but

of these three combined, for which the French have given us the word *ennui*? How are we to speak of acquaintances, either male or female, who have plighted their youthful vows and are proclaimed to be "engaged?" "Who is that pretty girl with Tom Henderson?" asks an inquisitive companion. To say "She is his betrothed," is antiquated; "the girl to whom he is engaged" is stilted and lengthy; *fiancée* gets us out of the difficulty at once. So with *flâneur*, *persiflage*, *chic*, *tom*, and the thousand other Gallicisms which express a well-defined social characteristic or style. The fact that all the expressions we borrow from our neighbours have reference to the lighter, sometimes the more dubious, side of modern society make them all the more to be valued. The more serious affairs of life the English tongue is fully capable of putting into sound. Nowhere perhaps is the deficiency of our own language more conspicuously shown than in the absence of any word to denote the class of persons—who have as distinct an existence here as in France—the anglicised form of whose designation stands at the head of this article. As we found the term Arab to specify the wandering and lawless qualities of the youth which, before the days of School-board officers, pitched its tent in any convenient nook or corner of the London streets, so the gifted Henri de Murger pitched on the term *Bohème* to express the land where dwelt the great community of Free-lances who were determined to owe no allegiance to the tyrant Custom or the despot Authority. Taking the hint from the swarthy gipsy tribes whose country is the world, but whose head-quarters are popularly supposed to be in Bohemia, De Murger christened with the name of the gipsies' fatherland the whole company of intellectual knight-errants. The rallying place of the community De Murger would doubtless have been established somewhere in the Quartier Latin; a more cosmopolitan spirit has seized his idea, and carried it over the globe. Though possessing no local habitation Bohemians were no longer to be without a name.

But observant eyes must have detected an insidious change creeping over society with regard to its attitude towards Bohemia and its inhabitants. Bohemia itself is becoming fashionable! Despite the shadowy, we might say shady, character of the locality, there is as steady a tide of fashion setting towards it as that from Mayfair to Belgravia. The ultimate effect which such an incursion of the barbarians must produce upon the original settlers is already beyond speculating upon. The aborigines are becoming absorbed in the new population, but not without tingeing their conquerors with some of their own traits. Bohemia is itself partly responsible for this consummation. Carried away at first by the enthusiasm which animates all young sects, it adopted extremes which were in reality no part of its substantial creed. In its anxiety to proclaim its freedom from the ordinary trammels of conventionality, it regarded with feelings of contempt any person who resorted to the

use of a nail-brush. Those who considered the cleanliness of their linen to be a matter of moment were considered outside the pale of the new Church. General recklessness of conduct, combined with extreme lightness of purse, were qualities demanded of all "convertites." Some connection with the press, the studio, or the stage was absolutely essential. More sober councils ultimately prevailed. These things came to be regarded as the accidents, and not the essentials, of the true Bohemian. All that was finally necessary before any individual could assume the name of the new sect, was a general agreement with the principle of resistance to undue pressure, above all to anything in the nature of coercion, attempted to be exercised upon thought or habit by the powers that be.

The vast hordes of so-called "intellectual," "advanced," and "artistic" people who are swarming like locusts towards the land of Bohemia mistake the shadow for the substance. They are adopting the eccentricities of dress, the cant, and the watchwords which the true Bohemian is just abandoning. At the same time they are gaining something of the spirit of genuine Bohemianism. It will soon be time, however, for those animated with the pure spirit of the founders of the great sect of Bohemian, to "trek" away and found a new kingdom. A new Henri de Murger must find a new name for those to whom the old one will soon become inapplicable.



1. Engineers of the Eastern Telegraph Company Laying the New Line at Limasol.—2, 3, 4, 5. The Excavations at Larnaca (Ancient Citium).—6. Labourers Working in Mr. Janssens' Dépôt of Terra Umber at Larnaca.

SKETCHES FROM CYPRUS

that the difficulty was the question of money. He suggested that the deputation should ascertain the views of the magistrates at Workshop Street and forward them to him, as well as an estimate of the cost of the scheme.

FALSE NEWS.—A street news-boy was the other day brought up at the Guildhall, charged with obtaining one halfpenny by false pretences. He was selling old copies of the *Echo*, and shouting out "Resignation of Lord Beaconsfield," and when the cheat was complained of, he used very bad language. The charge gave rise to some little discussion in Court, the prosecutor urging that something ought to be done to stop such an annoyance; whilst Alderman Finnis seemed to think that the lad, having been locked up all night, had been punished sufficiently. Eventually, after evidence had been given that he had been previously convicted of drunkenness, assault, and wilful damage, a fine of 5s. was imposed for using bad language, with the alternative of three months' imprisonment.

A SHAM MONEY-LENDER, named Austin, but who is known to the police by some twenty aliases, is now in custody on remand for obtaining money by fraud. His system was the old one of offering to lend sums of from 50l. to 5,000l., at 10 per cent., without security, and to close each transaction as soon as he got hold of the "inquiry fees" and "interest." When arrested he made a violent effort to escape, and threw away a bundle of papers, which turned out to be of a very compromising character.

WILLIAM HENRY WALTER, having pleaded guilty to all the charges of forgery which have been alleged against him, has been committed for trial. His wife, who was charged with complicity, has been discharged.

THE RICHMOND MURDER.—On Thursday last week a woman named Essam made a statement to the police at Uxbridge that a man with whom she had been living had confessed to her that he was an accomplice of Kate Webster in the murder of Mrs. Thomas.

The detectives are making inquiries, but little credence is given to the statement by the Scotland Yard authorities.

PRIVATE EXECUTIONS.—On Tuesday the two murderers, Hugh Burns and Patrick Kearns, were executed in Kirkdale Gaol, Liverpool. The High Sheriff had offered to admit representatives of the Press if they would confine their reports to the bare fact of the execution, but none accepted the conditions, and as the gaol authorities refused to give any information, the reporters contented themselves with watching the black flag, which it appears was not hoisted until 8.15, the execution having been delayed by the detention of the High Sheriff on the road to the gaol through the breaking down of his carriage. At the inquest the coroner said that it was highly desirable that reporters should be present on such occasions; and on the jury suggesting a presentment, he observed that that was not necessary, as their feeling in the matter was that of the whole country.

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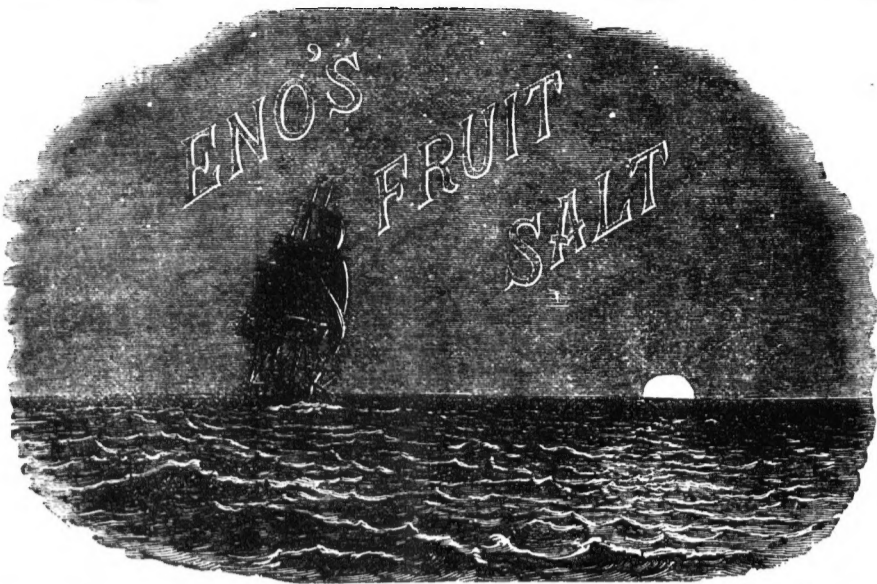
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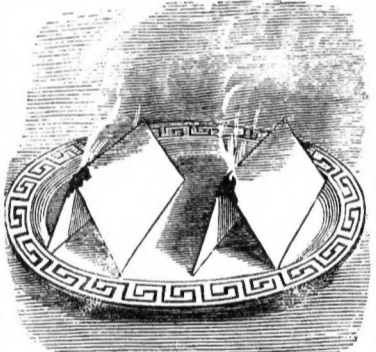
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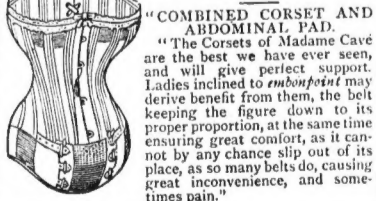


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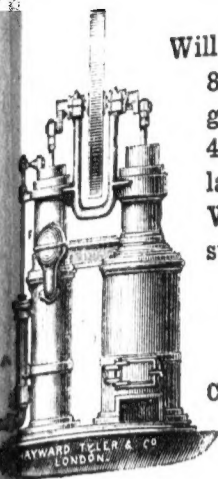
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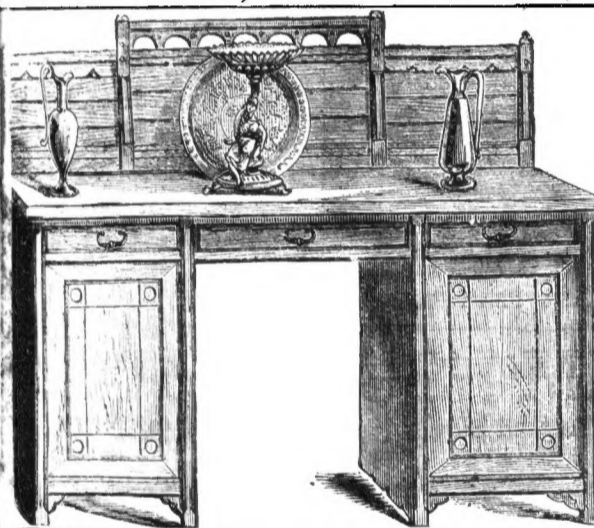
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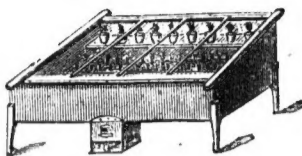
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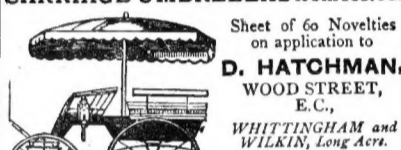
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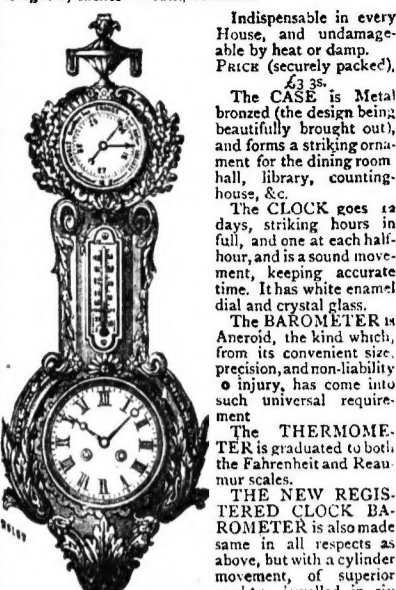
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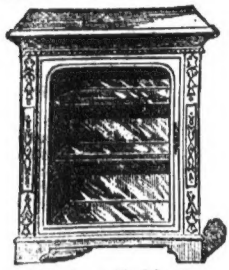
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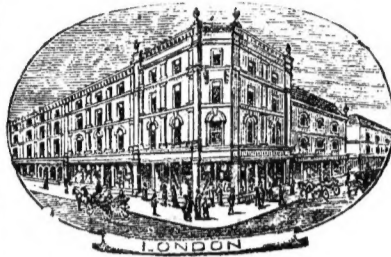
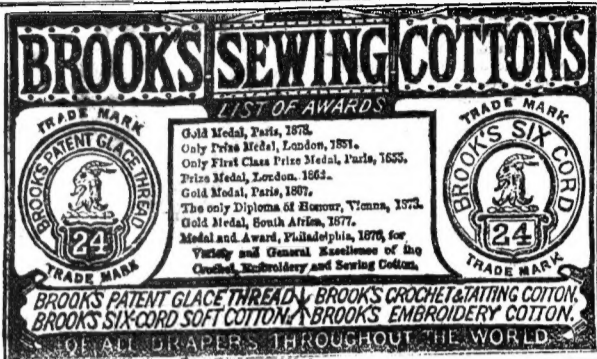
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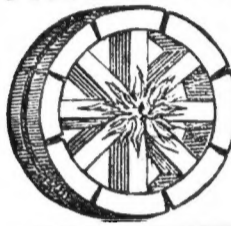


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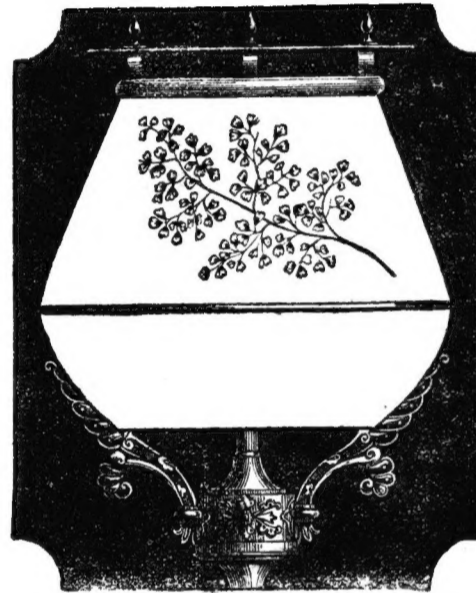
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